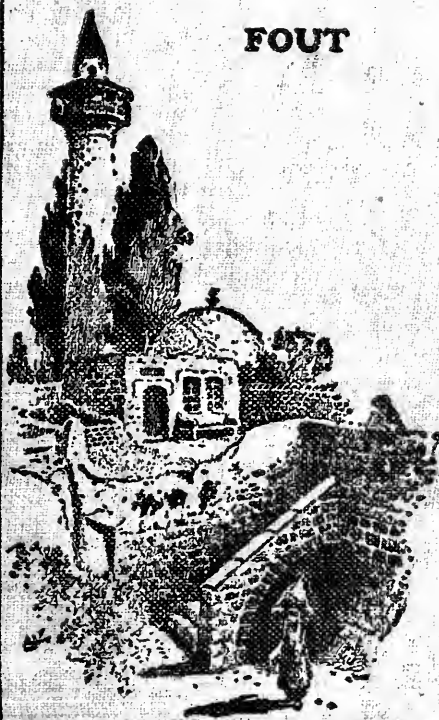


The 1900 Pilgrimage

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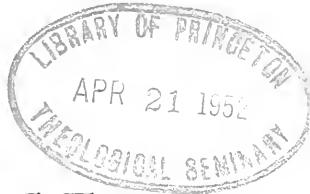
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THE 1900 PILGRIMAGE PARTY IN CAMP AT JERICHO.



THE 1900

PILGRIMAGE

TO

EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

Including
Syria, Asia Minor,
Greece, Italy, Switzerland, and France

By H. H. FOUT, D.D.

With an Introduction
By J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.



Dayton, Ohio
United Brethren Publishing House
1900

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PREFACE.

THESE chapters have grown out of a series of letters published in the *Watchword*, during my journey. Many of my friends, who claim to have been benefited by them, have insisted that I put in more complete and permanent form the story of the pilgrimage. The book is not written from the standpoint of a scientific student. It simply aims to bring the journey to those who may read its pages and make them feel that they are really amid the scenes, events and impressions narrated, from the banks of the Nile, the gates of the Holy City, the Mount of Olives, the tents in the wilderness, the Jordan valley, and the Sea of Galilee, to the hill-tops where it seemed that heaven bent low to meet us, and the air of that higher altitude was full of Pisgah visions. The path of the journey is illuminated by illustrations, most of which were taken by my own camera. These, we trust, will not only brighten the pages of the little volume, but also serve to heighten interest in the story, and preserve its realism. The itinerary was planned and the party organized by Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., Rev. Ford C. Ottman, and Mr. John Willis Bear. The company comprised eighty-six persons, including some of the leading ministers, teachers, and church workers of the country. With but few exceptions all were Christian Endeavorers seeking better equipment for service. The unity of purpose and congeniality of spirit greatly enhanced the pleasure and profit of the tour.

The pilgrimage was arranged and managed throughout by Thomas Cook and son. It is evident that we were favored every step of the way with superior protection and provisions, and that the obligations of the famous company were honored by its staff in all the countries visited.

If this unpretending record of my experience will awaken in the mind of the reader a new interest in the sacred lands of the Bible, and help to a better understanding of the Book of books the purpose of the author will have been fully accomplished.

H. H. F.

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INTRODUCTION.

ON the 10th of February, 1900, twenty-two ministers and a large company of Christian workers set sail on the Steamer *Fuerst Bismarck*, with Egypt and the Holy Land stretching out before them as the object of their journey. To visit the scenes made sacred by the life and ministry of our Lord is a dream of most Christians, and it seemed almost too good to be true, that after years of planning our dream was about to be realized. The journey was completed the first of June, but as I sit and think it over to-day, I doubt not but that the conviction of every member of the 1900 pilgrimage is the same as my own. I would gladly endure the pangs of sea-sickness and brave the dangers of the sea if only I might have the joy once more of entering into Jerusalem, visiting the Mount of Olives, going to Bethlehem, and spending the Sunday upon the shores of the Sea of Galilee.

The author of this book was an honored member of the pilgrimage party, and both because of my friendship for him lasting through a number of years, and my great desire that others who read his book, might catch with him and with us the pleasure of at least one kind of a journey to the land of sacred memory, I write this introduction with the hope and prayer that my own friends everywhere may read his message and draw from it the inspiration which I feel very sure is within its pages for us.

We traveled throughout the entire land in the sunshine with the exception of the days spent at Jericho and the Dead Sea. We saw everything at its best and I think I speak not only for myself, but for the members of the party as a whole, when I say that we were not at any time disappointed, nor had we at any place our ideals shattered, but from the

moment our guide said, "All out for Jaffa," and our feet pressed the sacred soil until the moment when in the harbor at Beirut we said good-bye to a number of the veteran missionaries of the cross and sang with them, "God be with you until we meet again," the journey was a delight. We camped at times where Jesus must have rested, we sat with our feet in the grass, our open Bibles on our knees, and let our eyes look out upon scenes which in other days he must have taken in, and sometimes we could not read for the tears that filled our eyes. Somebody once asked John Bunyan about heaven, and wanted to know if he could tell them what it was like. He gave a characteristic answer when he said, "Live a Christian life and go to see for yourself," and I shall be obliged to say to those who wish to know about this wonderful journey if it is at all possible, go and see for yourself, the words of Richard Watson Gilder were much in my mind:

"When I look upon these fields and stony valleys,
Through the purple vale of twilight, or what time the Orient sun
Makes shining jewels of these barren rocks,
Something within me trembled, for I said,
'This picture once was mirrored in His eyes,
This sky, that lake, those hills, this loveliness,
To Him familiar were.'"

—J. Wilbur Chapman, *New York City*.

THE 1900 PILGRIMAGE.

CHAPTER I.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

IN the preparation of these pages the supreme motive of the author has been like that of the Duke of Buckingham who when in the place where Anne of Austria had whispered that she loved him, purposely let fall a precious gem, desiring that by finding it another might be made happy where he himself had been. Most pleasing has been the task of gathering for friends at home this collection of incidents, impressions, and vision hours,—experiences from lands invested with the charms of immortal associations. Our joys are multiplied by sharing them with others. “One can bear grief, but it takes two to be glad.”

The exceeding privilege of the pilgrimage was the realization of many a day-dream. Fancies, even from childhood, of some day pressing the soil made sacred forever by the earth-life of our Lord, and looking upon scenes once familiar to him would often flush the cheek and set the heart leaping.

It was a splendid May morning, as beautiful, perhaps, as God could make, at the Union Station at Dayton, Ohio, when grasping the hand of a dear friend, to whom the writer is indebted for many a kindly act and helpful word, that he was informed of the pilgrimage, with its superior advantages, and upon invitation, decided to become a member of the party. It was an occasion to which I shall always look back with pleasure and gratitude, for then dreams began to fade into realities.

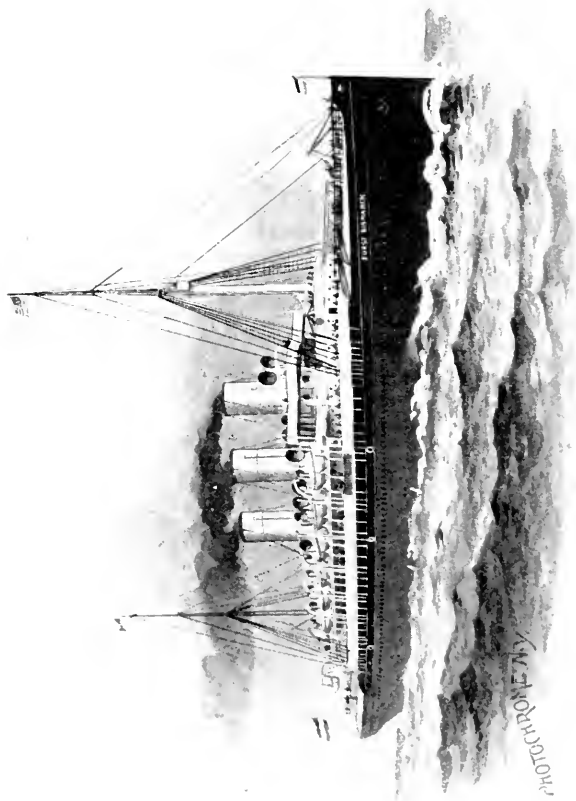
The preparation for a long journey is always a matter of great personal interest. One need not live a very large life to find it exceedingly difficult to arrange for an absence of four months from his work. An item of very anxious concern is the outfit for the journey. But after gathering information and advice from all sources, most tourists find that "one of the greatest inconveniences of travel, is to travel with too many conveniences." The benefit of travel largely depends upon the disposition and preparation of the traveler. Much time must be given to the study of the maps and literature of the countries visited. It is very true that "the more knowledge we carry with us the more we shall bring back." "That stick, sir, has been around the world!" exclaimed a man one day to Sidney Smith, as he held out to him a valued cane. "Dear me!" was the reply, "and yet it is only a stick, after all." Many travelers have returned from foreign lands as ignorant as when they started, because they failed to make the needed preparation for the journey.

An ideal winter day was that of February 10, when the voyage was begun. Friends gathered at the dock, and accompanied us on board the famous *Fuerst Bismarck*, with "Bon voyage!" upon their lips, and with beautiful flowers in their hands,—tributes of love and good will. Surely life finds its crown and coronation in sympathy, and sweet considerateness. At high noon the notes of the bugler announced that the hour of our departure was at hand. Good-byes were said, and amid cheers, and waving handkerchiefs and flags, our splendid steamer moved out from the Hoboken piers in New York harbor toward the great open sea. The vision has stamped itself upon my mind and left its impress there forever. On our left was the Brooklyn Bridge, that marvelous product of human skill. On the opposite side of the harbor stands Bartholdi's statue of "Liberty enlightening the world." It is, indeed, eloquent in suggestiveness, standing in the great waterway of international commerce and travel, holding in the hand a torch of flame plucked from heaven's own fires. For that light flashes over the sea

to guide the mariner to the desired haven. So stands the church of God in the great highway of human society. In her hand is placed the unquenchable flame of saving truth as revealed in the Word of God. She is to keep that light aflame and hold it aloft that all men may find by it the way to heaven. Beyond Sandy Hook we observe a little boat approaching us. Its mission is anticipated, and we gather on deck and watch the pilot step in, and amid the cheers of the company he returns, carrying with him many letters to friends left behind. Soon the distant shores sink beneath the western horizon and we are cut off from communication with the world to be "rocked in the cradle of the deep" for many days. The sigh and tear cannot be suppressed as home fades into the dim distance. The thoughts linger with those who in love and sacrifice strengthened their hearts for the separation. "Good-bye, home, precious friends, and church-work; your very memories are sweeter far than the music of bells, and organs, and choirs that we shall hear in far-famed cathedrals."

Our steamer is a magnificent structure. She is regarded as one of the finest ships afloat, and as safe as human foresight can secure. Her appointments and *cuisine* are unsurpassed by the finest hotels. The officers are clever gentlemen of the high German type, from the thoughtful and genial commander down to the obliging steward. No effort is spared to promote the comfort and pleasure of the three hundred and eighty-eight passengers on board.

It is now evening; the sun is submerged in a strange cloud view. It is thrilling to see the noble ship careering through the waves. The mysterious horizon line draws nearer and we are reminded that "they that go down to the sea in ships . . . these see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep." What a revelation is the sparkling concave of the sky at sea. The silvery moon moves in full majesty through the heavens, or walks in the beautiful veil of clouds, escorted by the sisterhood of stars, keeping pace with the feet of light to the music of the spheres. In silent

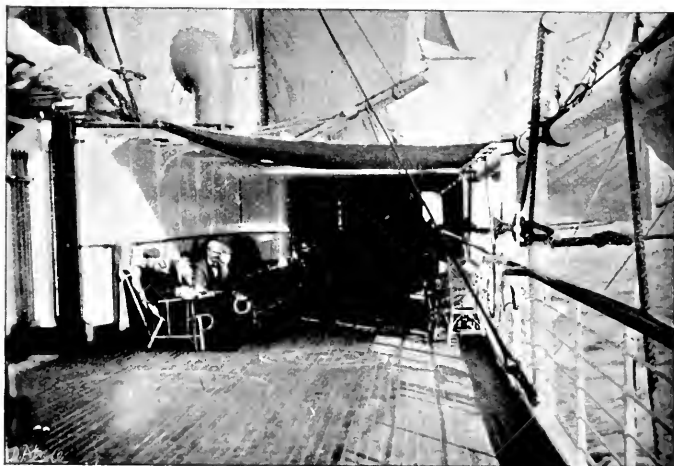


FUERST BISMARCK.

eloquence these glorious witnesses testify to the Creator's power. The scene is one of indescribable and overpowering grandeur. A poet once stood on the shores of Lake Geneva when a storm swept across its beautiful waters. Its voice was to him accents from the realm of the inexpressible. The sight ravished his soul, and with a smile and tear-filled eyes, he exclaimed, "Oh, now you are telling me something, I feel but have no words to express." Such is the experience of a night at sea. When weary eyelids drew us down in sleep we committed ourselves with those that we love into the care of Him in whose hands oceans are as drops of water, trusting that he would bring us all at last into the desired harbor.

The morning dawned while nature was frowning, and old Neptune began to exact duty of many on board. Sea-sickness is the remorseless foe to ocean happiness. It is a miserable experience that nobody has ever been able to describe. For a poor, plague-smitten sufferer to pass under the gaze of the more fortunate is exasperating in the extreme. It is an old story from the days of Cato, who on his death-bed regretted only three things, one of which was to have gone by sea when he could have gone by land. This pest of the ocean, for ages, is said to have a ministry of good in the improvement of the health, and the development of character; teaching meekness, patience, and trustfulness. The writer is slow to accept the teaching, but fully agrees with the statement that "sea-sickness brings out of a man all that there is in him." It is nowhere better described than in Ps. 107, "They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, . . . abhor all manner of meat, . . . are at their wits' end, and draw near unto the gates of death." On Sabbath morning, a distinguished member of the party, whose face was pale and steps tottering, remarked faintly, "I would be glad if the preacher to-day would speak from Rev. 21:1, 'And the sea was no more.'" To many of us that morning the revelation of a land in which there is no sea, of a heaven where life's perils are exchanged for God's own safety, and where no barrier keeps friend from friend, was a sweet and precious message. Late

at night, I stood with a friend near the captain's cabin and looked with thrilling interest upon the faithfulness of those under his command, the wrathful billows rolling white-crested upon the decks while clouds of spray dashed high into the air and fell like rain upon our faces. The very masts and shrouds about us seemed to be converted into sonorous harps upon which the wild wind played weirdly. Far up on the foremast were two brave German sailors. As the



SCENE ON DECK.

ship would rise out of the mysterious troughs into which it would fall again, with the clash of thunder, it brought tears to my eyes to hear the voices of the two brave sailors mingling with the elements, answering down the commander, "*Alles wohl!*" "*Lichter brennen!*"

In the twilight of Thursday evening we sighted the Azores. Far in the distance, as if a bank of clouds against the horizon, loomed snow-capped Pico, more than five thousand feet

above the level of the sea. These islands are nine in number and four hundred miles long. They are possessions of Portugal. The climate is delightful, with the temperature ranging from seventy to eighty degrees during the year. The chief products are lemons, oranges, grapes, and pineapples. The beautiful pepper-tree is a native of these islands. Friday morning afforded a splendid view of the green hills, terraced and highly cultivated, outrivaling in steepness the hills of West Virginia. The sight was most refreshing after looking upon sky and water for six days. We are now having what would be ideal May days in America. Nature smiles in beauty and all have recovered from the afflictions of the stormy days in the beginning of the voyage. We are now convinced that the fascinations of a sea voyage by far outweigh its hardships.

It is Sunday morning. The sunrise was charmingly beautiful. We are now entering the Straits of Gibraltar off Cape Trafalgar. Upon these historic waters, just before beginning a great battle, Lord Nelson hung out a flag bearing the immortal inscription, and signal, which was wafted across the bay, "England expects every man to do his duty."

Here the two seas meet, and the shores of Europe and Africa gradually approach each other, until at Tarifa they seem to be gazing sternly into each other's faces. In the hazy distance the great rock which has been turned into the famous fortress of Gibraltar rises in majesty from the sea.

CHAPTER II.

GIBRALTAR TO ALEXANDRIA.

THE varied experiences of the Atlantic voyage came to a very happy ending. Early in the morning we were awakened by the melody of a sacred song, reminding us that it was the Lord's Day, and at ten o'clock we were called together by another song for worship. Music always has a peculiar charm on the waters, but that morning so much heart and thanksgiving were put into the songs that they never seemed half so sweet before. The sermon was beautiful and inspiring. At noon we entered the Bay of Gibraltar, and were favored with a splendid view of the great rock which stands like a sentinel, absolutely commanding the gateway to the Mediterranean and the far east. Outwardly so harmless, it is tunneled with great ingenuity at an enormous expense, and contains eighteen hundred powerful guns. In these galleries are stored provisions and ammunition sufficient to resist a siege of seven years. As our steamer cast anchor and the little boats were approaching to take us ashore, led by the band, a large chorus of voices sang Luther's grand old hymn:

"A mighty fortress is our God;
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper he amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing."

We were highly favored in being permitted to visit some of the fortifications and tunneled galleries. Indeed, the whole rock is honeycombed and set with guns at close intervals, to the very summit, which is 1,430 feet above the level of the sea, overlooking two seas, and the rugged coasts of two quarters of the world. The town bears marks of antiquity, and is generally uninviting. But the Alameda, which is known as the pride of Gibraltar, is very beautiful. It is

a scene of perpetual life and verdure near the base of the massive rock, as if nature was endeavoring to conceal the marks of warfare wrought in the long centuries of its unique history. For more than a thousand years prior to 1704, when the rock came into the possession of England, it had been a scene of bloody struggles between Saracens, Moors, and Spaniards. From 1462, when it was taken by Henry IV., King of Castile, to 1704, when it was taken by a combined English and Dutch fleet, the arms of the town were a castle with a key hanging from its gate, typifying its command



ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

over the straits. The Spaniards made desperate efforts from time to time to regain it but were always unsuccessful. The most memorable siege was that of 1779-1783. The grand attack was made on the 13th of September, 1782. That gallant general, Sir Gilbert Elliott, whose monument stands in the beautiful Alameda, held the forts with five thousand three hundred and eighty-two men, while France and Spain, with forty thousand men and their combined fleets, attacked by land and sea. It is claimed that "the history of this siege is one of the most interesting of war stories, whether you ever expect to visit Gibraltar or not. It is doubly so when

you walk the pretty streets of the rock to-day, with its floating population of twenty thousand English, Jews, Spaniards, and Moors, and try to imagine the place held by six thousand half-starved, sick, and wounded soldiers, living at times on grass and herbs and a handful of rice, and yet carrying on an apparently forlorn fight for four years against the entire army and navy of Spain, and at last against the arms of France." In the Alameda there were roses, gardenias, and heliotropes blooming. The lemon, orange, and fig-tree, with the many varieties of tropical plants, shrubs, and flowers, and the finest species of ferns, make it a scene of rare attractiveness in February.

Every point of this terraced garden commands a superb view. On the north is Spain, reaching a tiny arm out to the famous rock. On the south, seven miles away, is Africa, and beyond these rugged coasts, on either side, great mountains lift their heads above the horizon as if standing on tiptoe to look upon the famous fortress, watching the ships pass in and out the straits. At six o'clock we were again on board the steamer, and in the evening twilight we steamed around the great rock and passed through the door into the Mediterranean.

In Scripture it is frequently referred to simply as "the sea," since it was the chief one in the current thought of the Hebrews. The Greeks and Romans usually termed it "the sea on this side of the pillars of Hercules," which were Gibraltar on the north and Abyla on the opposite African side.

Into this sea, two thousand miles long and less than a hundred miles wide at many points, empty the principal waters of three continents, with a constant inflow of the Atlantic. Very wonderful is the process of evaporation that carries these waters in fleecy mist back over the continents to be condensed and flow again and again in majesty to the sea. It was concerning this sea that the wise man said, "All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; into the place from whence the rivers came, thither they return

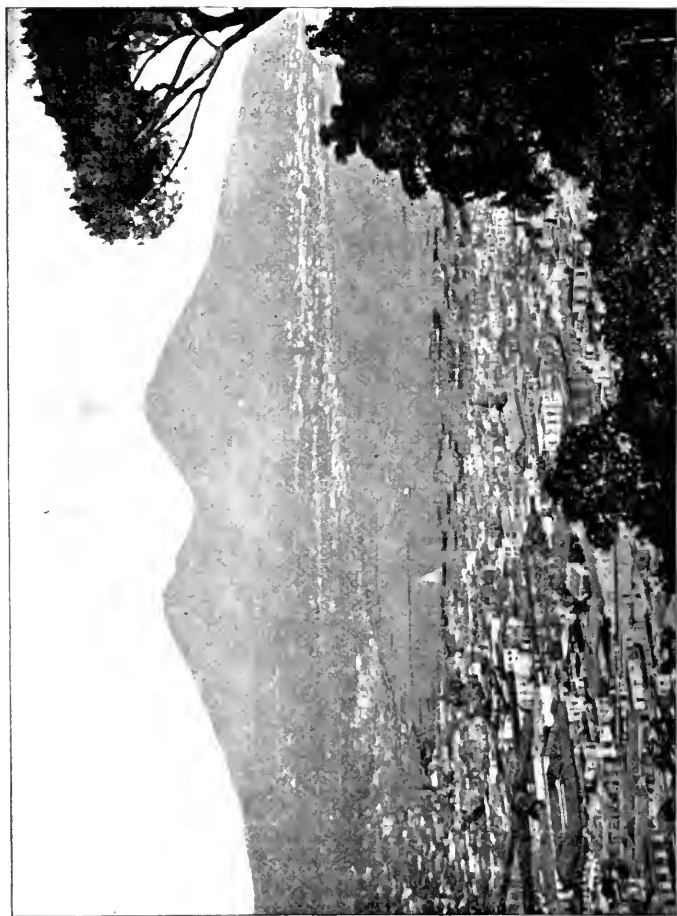
again." And yet the principles of the law here referred to were not discovered until centuries after Solomon's time.

The associations of the Mediterranean are its chiefest charms. What crafts have sailed over these billows! The ship *Argo*, that sailed out from Iolcus, in Thessaly, to Colchis, in search of the golden fleece in the grove of Mars, the stately ships of Solomon, the merchant vessels of Tyre and Sidon, the fleet of Xerxes, Carthaginian and Roman galleys, Genoese and Venetian merchantmen. It has been the highway of all the great nations which have filled the world with their splendor. Over it the great Apostle to the Gentiles sailed on his missionary tours, to which are largely due the enlightenment, and civilization, and proud preëminence of Europe to-day.

The voyage to Naples included three of the most delightful and sweetest days imaginable. There were times when the sea was so calm that it at least suggested the "sea of glass mingled with fire." Tuesday morning we sighted the island of Sardinia. The mountains appeared destitute of vegetation, and were not by any means attractive. The glass revealed a number of small villages dotting the shores. A discussion arose as to whether Paul visited this island. Wednesday morning, February 21, we awoke to find ourselves in the historic Bay of Naples, which from the most ancient times, has been the object of enthusiastic admiration. To our right stood Mount Vesuvius, enveloped in a cloud, as if for the time to hide from our view the open rupture of the summit. The ruins of ancient castles, perched on the lower peaks of the hills crowning the city, reminded us that we were now, for the first time, looking upon the "Old World." Here we were met by Mr. C. Zerrilla, of London, our conductor for the entire pilgrimage, and who is held in highest esteem by every member of the party.

Among the places of interest most enjoyed during the afternoon drive was the aquarium, which is spoken of as one of the most interesting in the world, containing the wonderful variety of marine animate existence found in the Medi-

NAPLES AND MT. VESUVIUS



terranean. Next we were driven to Castle St. Elmo, occupying the highest elevation on the west side of the city. It is now a military prison and museum combined. After being shown through the building we were conducted to an observatory where there broke upon us a vision of beauty worth crossing the ocean to see. At our feet was the glittering bay; in front of us in majesty stood Vesuvius sending great volumes of white smoke into the blue sky. To the west was the island of Capri. The entire city was in full view. On the opposite side of the bay is the old town of Puteoli, where Paul found a little company of Christians after his perilous voyage. (Acts 28: 13.) We were loath to turn away from this enchanting scene, for it was easy to imagine what new and beautiful coloring it would assume at sunset.

Thursday morning we visited the museum. It was, indeed, a great privilege to look upon such a heritage of antiquity. Here are found many of the original works of the master artists.

At noon, February 22, we left for Alexandria on the *Umburto*. Dr. Johnson defines a steamship as "a prison with a chance of being drowned." I believe that every member of the party will agree with me when I say that this definition is peculiarly adapted to the *Umburto*.

At midnight we passed through the straits of Messina, between Sicily and Italy. Mt. Etna was in full view. The straits are twenty-five miles long and from two to ten miles wide. The historical associations of Sicily are deeply interesting. It is said that there is not a nation which has materially influenced the destinies of European civilization but has left traces of its agency on this island.

From Sicily to Crete we encountered the roughest sea of the entire voyage. After passing over the very sea where Paul was shipwrecked, and experiencing its perils, we shall always read with new interest Acts 27 and 28. Crete is spoken of as a "fair land." It claims to be the birthplace of Zeus, father of Olympian deities, and of Minas, the first monarch who established a naval power and acquired domi-

ion over the sea. Here Christianity was early introduced, and Titus was given charge of the churches. (Titus 1:5, 10, 14.) We passed between Crete and Clauda on Saturday morning, having entered a very much smoother sea.

We are now nearing the end of the voyage, through which nature both in smiles and frowns has often been a verger, showing the way to the inmost shrine, the holiest of all the holies. The sparkling heavens above us, the silvery track of the moonlight across the vast deep, the breath of the storm, and the moans of the deep, are a symphony in proclaiming the power and glory of God. A sunrise or sunset in mid-ocean is indescribably beautiful. The cloud views are often sublime, piled up into palaces of rosy gold, and argent, and amber, with terraced steps draped in all the colors of the rainbow.

Sixteen days upon the seas afford an opportunity for meditation and communion with self. It also awakens tender memories of other days, and sweetens the fellowships of life. Thought would often retrace our track across the seas and linger with kindred and friends, whom we never knew before that we loved so much. All the way we were conscious of the nearness and tender care of the Lord. When we press our faces against the face of Christ, and receive the inspiration that comes from contact with him, the hard places in life become easy, the rough places smooth, and the dangerous places secure.

We shall always carry with us an enlarged vision of God and his world—they have passed before us in greatness; and a deeper appreciation of the sweet and precious truth that his people are borne on the bosom of a love unfathomable in its depth, and broader

"Than the measure of man's mind."

The Lord's Day dawned beautifully clear, and was appreciated with fine gratefulness. The storm had ceased, and at noon the waters were as peaceful as a sleeping child. The

sermon was thoroughly appreciated by all. Early in the afternoon the famous "Pharos Tower," occupying the place of the father of lighthouses, appeared on the horizon. It was built by Ptolemy II., surnamed Philadelphus, 284 to 246 B. C. and was termed the seventh wonder of the earth. The name of the architect, Sostratos, has been preserved by the story that in order to perpetuate his name he cut deep into one of the stones: "Sostratos of Guidos, son of Dixiphanus, to the gods protecting those upon the sea." Knowing that Ptolemy would object to this inscription, Sostratos covered it with a thin slab of coating of cement in which he engraved Ptolemy's name. In a few years the covering was worn away, and the architect's inscription in his own honor was disclosed.

Pompey's Pillar, and the domes and minarets of Alexandria were in full view. The thought was thrilling that in another hour I should set foot upon a land which I had been taught to think of as the cradle of civilization, where Jesus spent three and a half years of his child life.

CHAPTER III.

ALEXANDRIA TO CAIRO.

ON Sunday afternoon, February 25, we entered the historic Bay of Alexandria. For many centuries this portal of the land of the Nile was the treasury of Oriental commerce. There is nothing particularly striking or attractive about the coast of Egypt as one approaches it. Unlike other Mediterranean coasts, no hills or mountains skirt its sandy shores. But the very sight of the land is indescribably impressive, and begets a feeling of reverence. Time has clothed it with a strange and solemn charm. Long before Abraham walked with angels on the plains of Mamre, Egypt was studded with great cities, and had developed a complete system of civilization. The manners, customs, modes of life, and social conditions of the people have an imperishable memorial in the records inscribed on the monuments.

While, from the upper deck of the steamer, we gazed through a glass upon the old city, each moment bringing us nearer and revealing new objects of interest to inspire the imagination, the poetic dream was suddenly broken by a wonderful noise. It was the babel of tongues from a motley collection of human beings on the shore, with costumes almost endless in variety of shape and color, waiting,—no, I should say, dancing and yelling like Indians in their anxiety to take possession of us. What a blending of colors and nationalities! Arabs, Turks, Syrians, Copts, Nubians, Greeks, Jews, Armenians, Albanians, Levantines, Italians, Maltese, French, English, Austrians. One is almost horrified at the thought of falling into the hands of such a mob.

Here the cry of "*baksheesh*" greeted us for the first time, and after a few days' experience we were thoroughly convinced that it is the alpha and omega of the existence of the great mass of the population of Egypt. We are told that the



ORIENTAL WOMEN.

children are taught to say *baksheesh* before they are taught to say father or mother. Following our guide through the crowd, to which it seemed that every nation under the sun had sent a representative, we were placed in carriages and driven to Hotel Abbat.

After a satisfying dinner we attended services at an English, Episcopal church. A coincidence that caused a smile to play over the faces of our company was that the rector announced the same text discoursed upon by our speaker at the service on the steamer the same day. The sermon was quite good, and the entire service was in its effect a quiet evening benediction.

We returned through the famous "Mohammed Ali Square." The appearance of the buildings suggests a city of Italy. The square was brilliantly illuminated and the scenes most novel. The dusky natives sipping their coffee, and playing their games; men and women of every dress. The Oriental women possess splendid figures. They become as erect as statues from carrying heavy burdens upon their heads. The face is covered by the hideous veil. Some one, obtaining by accident a glimpse of a certain face, said that "its features were so out of harmony with the form of the woman," that evidently Mohammed was clear-sighted when he placed the codicil in the Koran which compels the women of his faith to wear the veil. Beggars crowded us on every side. Near the hotel we placed a coin in the hand of an old Bedouin, and he offered a prayer which our dragoman said was that, "God might give us the highest place in heaven."

The following morning we visited "Pompey's Pillar," which is the only important relic of antiquity remaining in the city. It is an imposing column of red granite one hundred and four feet high, reared about three hundred years before Christ, not to the memory of Caesar's illustrious rival, Pompey the Great, as some suppose, but in honor of the Roman Emperor Diocletian, by a certain Roman prefect named Pompey. While the wear of twenty-three centuries has

marred its beauty, it still promises to stand for centuries to come.

This elevation is illustrious ground, because it was the center of the ancient city, which was the second of that mighty empire which stretched from the Euphrates to the Pillars of Hercules, and from the mouth of the Rhine to the Mountains of the Moon. Here once stood the magnificent temple of Serapis, which vied with the Roman capital in splendor, and contained the priceless library of seven hundred thousand volumes, which, in the days of the Cæsars, was ruthlessly consigned to the flames. The foundation for a second library was laid by Antony and Cleopatra, and Alexandria was again made the scholar's Mecca. But in the seventh century when the Mohammedans took the city, Caliph Omar declared that the Koran contained all needed information, and that no other books had a right to exist, and decreed that the great library should at once be destroyed, which history has recognized as the most crushing blow ever inflicted on literature. Few cities in the world have occupied so conspicuous a place in history. For many years it was the principal seat of Grecian learning. Here the Hebrew scriptures were translated into Greek by seventy interpreters two centuries before Christ; here St. Mark founded a Christian Church which became of great prominence, and if we are to believe the tradition here he won the martyr's crown; here flourished a theological school in which Clement and Origen were teachers. It was also the home of Philo, Clement, and Athanasius. There is no chapter in history more sweeping and strangely pathetic than that which closed the career of Alexandria to the Christian world.

Among the few things that now connect the city with a glorious past, are the catacombs on the outskirts. These possess a weird interest and are of the same general character as those at Rome. In its palmy days Alexandria is said to have numbered a half million inhabitants. The present population is about two hundred and forty thousand. It has lost all its ancient beauty except its fruits and flowers, its

transparent atmosphere and sunny skies. The banyan, sycamore, bamboo, tamarisk, lemon, citron, palm, mulberry, and pepper trees are perhaps as abundant and beautiful as they were in the days of the Pharaohs. These with the labyrinth of foliage in many of the parks still give them the picturesque character of a real garden of God.

After an enjoyable carriage drive to many places of interest round about the city we boarded an afternoon train for Cairo. A ride of three hours and a half in an English coach drawn by an American engine, brought us to the well-named "Gem of the Orient," a distance of one hundred and thirty-one miles. Forty miles east of Alexandria is the town of Rosetta, famed by the "Rosetta stone," which was found in 1799 by Bousard, an officer of Napoleon's army. This inscription was carved on a block of basalt and contained a decree by the Egyptian priests in honor of Ptolemy V., dated in the eight years of his reign, B. C. 196. The inscription appeared in the hieroglyphic, demotic, and Greek texts, furnishing a key to the inscriptions of the monuments, and revealing the secrets of the hieroglyphics of ancient Egyptians, that had been forgotten for fourteen centuries.

The landscape as we speed across the delta of the Nile presents a scene very similar to that of the grand prairie of Illinois. The country is marvelously fertile, and the soil is constantly enriched by the river. Among the principal products are cotton, cane, corn, wheat, barley, rice, and alfalfa clover. The principal method of irrigation is by the *sekieh* which is a water-mill of cogged wheels. From a distance it has the appearance of the old cane-mill. It is turned by a buffalo or camel, and each revolution of the wheel works up a series of earthen pitchers which empty themselves into a pool or gutter, whence it is worked by the foot into the appointed channels. In contrast to this style of work it is said that the land which the Israelites should possess "is not as the land of Egypt, where thou sowedst thy seed, . . . and wateredst it with thy foot, . . . but is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven" (Deut. 11: 10-12).

It is interesting to watch them plowing with the quaint old plow drawn by buffaloes. The green valley is dotted with cattle, flocks of sheep, and goats. It is also noted for its variety of birds. Strange sights present themselves as we advance. Caravans of camels and donkeys, loaded with grain, hay, and chicken-coops; crowds of half-naked men, women, and children; Bedouin encampments, and mud villages, the same in pattern, doubtless, as they were when the world was in its infancy. Some of the poor little children have their eyes eaten out by the flies. There are many emotions to be stirred by the famous memorials of a dead past, but the living scenes of to-day are equally



QUAINT OLD PLOW.

impressive. Before reaching Cairo we caught the first glimpse of the pyramids on the west, and the wild, dreamy, mysterious desert on the east. Soon we are pleasantly housed in the famous "Shepherds" and Continental hotels of the "great Al Cairo," as Milton calls it, the city of Saladin and the Arabian Nights.

The city has a population of four hundred thousand, and has been the capital of Egypt for a thousand years. An Arab writer says that "He who hath not seen Cairo hath not seen the world; its soil is gold; its Nile is a wonder; its houses are palaces; its air is soft, its odour surpassing that of aloe's wood and cheering the heart; and how can Cairo be otherwise, when it is the mother of the world?"

Our first excursion was to Heliopolis, eight miles north-east of the city. The place is referred to in the Scriptures as On, the abode of the sun (Gen. 41: 45), Beth-Shemesh the house of the sun (Jer. 43: 13), Aven (Ezek. 30: 17). Here in remote antiquity an imperial city stood, in which was centered all the learning of the Orient. It was indeed the Oxford of old Egypt. Here stood the great temple of the sun in which twelve thousand priests ministered. Here Abraham and Sarah visited to escape the famine in Canaan. Here Joseph married Asenath, the beautiful daughter of Potiphar.

There is a beautiful Jewish legend that she disdained all lovers except Pharaoh's oldest son, who loved her, but was forbidden by Pharaoh to marry her. When she saw Joseph she was captivated by his beauty, and said, "My lord, blessed of the most high God," and at her father's bidding made bold to kiss him. Joseph refused to kiss an idolatrous woman, but seeing her tears, he laid his hand on her head, and prayed God to convert her to the true faith and then departed. She threw her idols away, repented seven days, saw an angel of comfort, and was married to Joseph by Pharaoh in great pomp.

Here the family of Jacob resided on their arrival in Egypt; here Moses was taught in all the wisdom of the Egyptians; here Plato resided for thirteen years imbibing that sublime belief in the immortality of the soul which he afterwards taught; here Herodotus studied history. But the old city has disappeared to its very foundations, and its habitation is marked by a circuit of mounds and a solitary obelisk forty-eight feet in height. My eyes filled with tears as I stood in the presence of this splendid monument of antiquity which has been standing in solitary grandeur and unbroken silence for forty centuries. The hieroglyphics on its three sides are well preserved.

Near by is the "Virgin's Tree," under which, according to the Coptic legend, Mary rested with Jesus after her flight from the wrath of Herod. The thought is thrilling that probably Jesus was once here.

A few steps away is the "Miraculous Fountain," which, according to the tradition, was once salt, but turned sweet when the Virgin Mary bathed the Holy Child in its waters.

We next visited the citadel, a massive fortress built in 1166. It contains the alabaster tomb of Mahomet Ali and one of the finest mosques of the city. On entering we were required to wear sandals, as in all the mosques we have visited. Walking through the outer court I could close my eyes and almost see the slaughter of the Mamelukes which occurred in the same spot in 1811, by the order of Mahomet Ali, their political enemy. As became their fearless character, it is said "they met their doom, some with arms crossed upon



THE ISLAND OF RODA.

their bosoms, and turbaned heads devoutly bowed in prayer; some with flashing swords and fierce curses, alike unavailing against their dastard and ruthless foe." The view from the pavilion is a picture that never can be forgotten.

The "Sultan Hassan Mosque" has been termed the gem of the Mohammedan artistic world. It is said that the designer was put to death or had his hands cut off by his appreciative master to prevent a repetition of his artistic triumph.

We next visited the island of Roda, where Moses was born and along whose banks he was hid among the bulrushes.

Several hours were spent in the Gizeh Museum which contains a marvelous collection of Egyptian art, mummies, and souvenirs of the days of the Pharaohs. Cairo is well compared to "a living museum of all imaginable and un-

imaginable phases of existence, of refinement and degeneracy, of civilization and barbarism, of knowledge and ignorance, of paganism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism." While the city contains a section that is thoroughly European, with elegant residences and beautiful streets, not far away in the narrow streets is the darkest picture of the poverty, wretchedness, and filth of basest heathenism. But a change is coming. Western civilization is gradually undermining the old fanaticism and power of the Turks. Churches and schools are being established. All these are prophecies of a better future that is dawning, when the Egypt of the past will be as a dream that once has been.

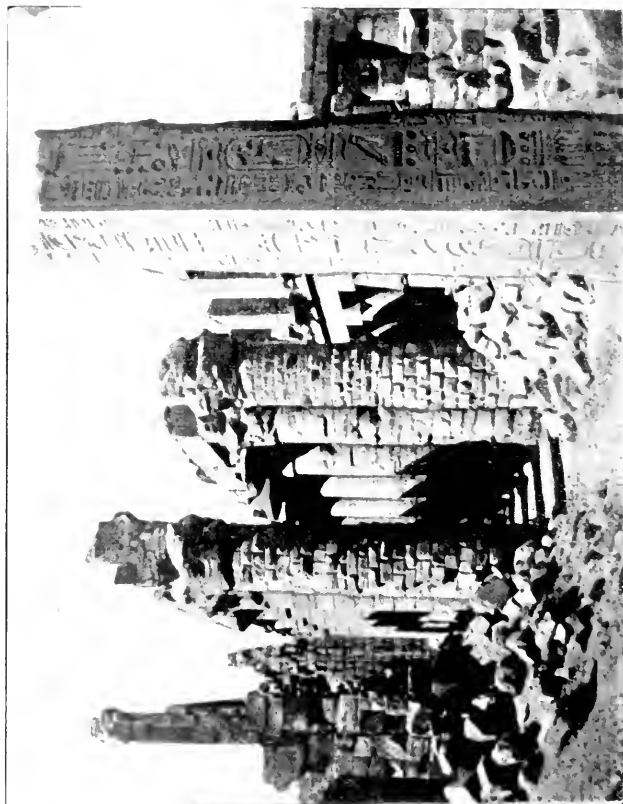
CHAPTER IV.

NILE EXCURSION.

A VERY attractive feature of our pilgrimage was "The Nile excursion," extending to the first cataract, the dividing line between Egypt and Nubia. This journey, covering eleven days, was begun on the evening of March 3. A special train, composed of sleepers, very cozy and comfortable, carried us from Cairo to Luxor, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles, where the steamer *Rameses* was waiting to take us to the cataract. The Sabbath dawned in one of the most beautiful and fertile sections of the valley.

This historic river flows through Egypt a distance of a thousand miles, without a single tributary, turning the great desert into a garden. No wonder the ancients worshiped it as a god, for it is indeed a river of life. The inspiring scene was contrasted by the degraded condition of the inhabitants, living in their miserable mud huts without roof or furniture, on an equality with their cattle and donkeys. The soil is easily cultivated, and the most primitive methods are used. A rude wooden plow, a hoe, a knife, and a water-hoisting *shadoof*, built on the principle of the old well-sweep, constitute a farmer's outfit. It is interesting to see how they utilize the gracious river by the constant use of their various methods of irrigation.

To every square mile of tillable soil there are nine hundred and twenty-eight human beings. The land is estimated at \$105 per acre. The foreign bonded indebtedness naturally based on the intrinsic value of the country averages \$75.74 per acre. As in the days of Israel oppression still prevails in Egypt. The average land tax is over \$4 per acre. In his book on "Present Day Egypt," Mr. Penfield says that "the scheme of the political administration of Egypt is as diffi-



TEMPLE RUINS AT KARNAK.

cult to understand as are the hieroglyphics of the monuments.

"Nominally a province of the Ottoman empire, Egypt is autonomous, subject only to a yearly tribute to the sultan of about three million five hundred thousand dollars. The title of its ruler means sovereign or king without qualification or limitation; yet the country is in large measure administered by Great Britain, standing in the capacity of trustee for creditors of her own and of several other nationalities as well. This trusteeship is voluntary on England's part, and is forced upon the Khedival government."

The city of Siut located two hundred and fifty miles south of Cairo, is the capital of Upper Egypt, with a population of thirty thousand. It is a center of religious influence. Here are located mission schools for the practical and useful education of the natives; also, a theological school for the training of native missionaries. The United Presbyterian Church is doing a noble work for the redemption of Egypt.

We arrived at Luxor at noon, and went aboard the steamer, where an elegant dinner was in waiting. This is a town of two thousand inhabitants, located on the site of ancient Thebes. Here, among the ruins of what was once the center of the world's grandeur, we spent three exceedingly interesting days. A few miles north of the town are the famous temple ruins of Karnak, which we visited the following morning on donkeys, passing through groves of palm and acacia covering the old streets of Thebes, which perhaps lie buried far beneath. Passing through the archway on the south we entered the "Avenue of the Sphinxes," leading up to the temple. This same avenue, it is said, originally connected the Temple of Luxor and Karnak, six thousand five hundred feet long and eighty feet wide. These avenues are five in number, each differing in appearance, different animals being represented. Some of these are now being uncovered. A large company of boys and girls, singing their wild work-gang chant, and bearing the lash of their cruel drivers, were carrying away the rubbish in baskets upon

their heads. While looking upon this scene, a bright-eyed boy of about ten summers from the mission, appeared in our midst and thrilled us by singing in our own tongue,

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away."

I shall not attempt to catalogue the marvels of this temple. Its splendid architecture and workmanship, its forest of majestic columns and massive capitals, its colossi, statues, and obelisks, its ornamental carvings, and hieroglyphics of historic value, all speak of its former splendor. No other building on earth can match it in dimensions. The temple itself is about two miles in circumference, and the entire enclosure, it is said, covers one thousand acres. As the scene is now vividly before me I can almost hear the voice of Esau, our dragoman, "*Follow me, I show you all.*" We stood on the pier that once supported the arch that spanned the splendid avenue leading westward to the river. Here we could appreciate its architectural design and wonderful regularity suggesting its original magnificence. Belzoni says, "The sublimest ideas derived from the most magnificent specimens of modern architecture, cannot equal those imparted by a sight of these ruins. I appeared to be entering a city of departed giants, and I seemed alone in the midst of all that was most sacred in the world. The enormous columns adorned all around with beautiful figures, and various ornaments, the high portals seen at a distance from the openings of this labyrinth of edifices, the various groups of ruins in the adjoining temples—these had such an effect as to separate me in imagination from the rest of mortals, and make me seem unconscious whether I was on earth or some other planet."

The inscriptions show that each successive ruler, from Usertsen I., B. C. 2433, to Alexander B. C. 342, made a contribution to this magnificent structure. What an expenditure of wealth and sacrifice of human life it represents! On the north wall are the pictured records of the victories of Seti

I. over the Syrians and Armenians. On the outside of the south wall is written the famous poem of Pan-te-cur, in which he praises the victories and glories of Rameses the Great. On the same wall, near by, are the pictured glories of Shishak's victories. One hundred and fifty cartouches (emblems of royalty) bear the names of the kings and towns captured, including the king of Judah, the account of which is given in I. Kings 14: 25, 26 and II. Chr. 12: 2-9. Instead of placing an interrogation point at the close of the historical books of the Bible, Egyptology is simply a comment on the statement in the last chapter of the sacred book. "These sayings are faithful and true."

The wealth and glory of ancient No, or Thebes of which her scattered ruins speak, have long since departed. Her silver, gold, ornaments of ivory, and precious stones, have been carried away by the vandals. Her "hundred gates" and "twenty thousand chariots" are covered in the sand. In the days of her glory the inspired prophets gave a thrilling picture of her present desolation (Jer. 46: 25; Ezek. 30: 14-16; Nah. 3: 8-10), and after almost thirty centuries we are permitted to witness the scene. I shall never cease to be thankful for the privilege of looking upon this impressive picture of the fulfillment of prophecy.

The following morning we were transferred to the west bank of the river, where donkeys were in waiting to carry us to the tombs of the kings.

A company of eighty persons, composed of old men and women, young men and maidens, the majority of whom were without any experience in horseback riding, crossing the sandy plain on these little animals, presented one of the most amusing scenes imaginable.

After an hour's ride we came to the Temple of Kurnah built by Seti I. in memory of his father, Rameses I., which stands on the opposite side of the river, due west from Karnak. From this point we proceeded through a dreary pass in the mountains, which was a picture of death on every hand, not a spear of living vegetation to be seen. In about

three miles we reached the desolate tombs that once contained the bodies of Egypt's noted kings. They consist of long, inclined planes, cut in solid limestone, with a number of chambers receding into the mountain, sometimes to a distance of five hundred feet. The size corresponds to the length of the reign of the builder. The motive that induced the cutting of these tombs in the heart of the mountain was that the body might be concealed from profane eyes or disturbing touch until awakened from the sleep of death. Their faith in human immortality is beautifully and vividly illustrated in figures and paintings. There where "the sun went daily to its setting" they laid away their dead with the hope of a sure and certain resurrection at the dawn.

The prevailing spirit of the reign of the deceased is expressed in the decorative designs, whether it be art, the science of astronomy, military conquests, or agricultural pursuits. They also aimed to reproduce, as far as possible in the carving and painting, the objects with which the dead monarch was best acquainted, so that he might awake amid familiar scenes. Their art of embalming and preserving a body was very wonderful, including a process of seventy days.

The mummies were removed from these sepulchers, some say, about B. C. 966, to secure them from native thieves; others say that they were taken away by the priests about B. C. 527 to prevent their discovery by the Persians. A few years ago after a period of more than twenty-five centuries, the place of their habitation was discovered by a native Arab named *Abder-Rasul Ahmad*. It was in the mountains near Der-el-Bahara, located a few miles west of Thebes. His first hope was to keep the knowledge of the treasures locked up in his own heart, but finding that he was unable to despoil the coffins of their valuables he revealed the secret to his two brothers and to one of his sons. It is quite remarkable that these antiquities were sold to tourists for ten years before the students of Egyptology detected that the "find" had been made, and that



OBELISKS AT KARNAK.

it was then revealed to them by an English officer. Ahmad was arrested, but in spite of many threats and persuasions, and many cruel tortures, he persisted in declaring that he was innocent of any knowledge of the find. After his release fortunately for students of Egyptology, differences of opinion broke out between the parties. Soon after, when Ahmad perceived that his brothers were determined to turn King's evidence, he quietly went to Kench and confessed to the Mudir that he was able to reveal the place where the antiquities were found. Telegrams were sent to Cairo and an expedition was at once made up under M. Brugsch and ordered to Thebes. They were conducted by the prisoner to the shaft of the tomb, which was most carefully hidden in a secluded place in the mountain. The pit was about forty feet deep, and the passage, of irregular level, which led up to the tomb, was about two hundred and twenty feet long; at the end of this passage was a nearly rectangular chamber about twenty-five feet long filled with coffins which proved to contain the mummies of the kings of the seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, twentieth, and twenty-first dynasties, B. C. 1700-1000. It was in July, 1887. They were immediately removed to Cairo. A number were unwrapped, their names read, and placed in the museum, where their features were again shown to the world after a lapse of thirty-two hundred years. In August of last year a new apartment of the cave was discovered, containing eight mummies, one of which proved to be Mineptah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus. The name was read on the 10th of February. This is regarded as an important find, and throws great light on an inscription found upon a tablet discovered about three years ago, which the German critics hold shows conclusively that there never was an Exodus. The history of the past has been, and so it will be in the future, that when the destructive critics think they have succeeded in proving portions of the Bible false, God sends out a man with a pick to dig up a tablet in testimony to the truth of his word.

A visit to the Ramessesum was of special interest. On our return we halted for a time at the Colossi, still lifting their heads fifty feet above the sands,

"Grim monarchs of the silent plain,
Seated in motionless, sublime repose,
With faces turned forever toward the dawn,
With eyes that sleep not, lips that ne'er enclose,"

still guarding the great memnonium of King Amenophis, whose name is recorded upon their pedestals. One of them



THE COLOSSI.

is celebrated in poetry and prose as the "Vocal Statue of Memnon." Ancient Greeks and Romans claim to have heard its musical tones at the rising of the sun.

On the following day when our eyes were tired looking upon the ruins of temples, a very cozy and commodious building was pointed out in a grove near Luxor, which proved to be a hospital for natives, built in 1891, by Messrs. Brunner and Cook, of London. This is a monument very much more worthy and lasting than the structures of granite on every hand built for self-glorification. Late in the afternoon we

left for Assuan and the cataract, about eight hundred miles from the Mediterranean. The following day we halted at the splendid temple ruins at Edfu. Saturday, March 10, we arrived at Assuan. On account of an unusually low Nile we were detained several hours on sand-bars, but there was something so enchanting about the trip that nobody became impatient over the delay. The green meadows, cane-fields, palm-groves, the gold-tinted fields of wheat and barley, lined on either side by the barren hills of the desert, form a picture of which the eye never tires. Along the banks of the river are several large sugar manufactories of modern design, built in recent years by English capitalists.

The cane of upper Egypt is of exceptionally fine quality. The excursion from the island of Philæ to the cataract in *dahabiye*hs was most exciting, arriving at sundown. Here we were permitted for the small sum of a franc to witness the celebrated feat of the natives "shooting" the cataract. The sight of their uplifted arms as though appealing for help as they go over the falls, chills the blood of the beholder. Here twelve thousand men were employed in the construction of a dam to form a reservoir for the purpose of irrigation during the dry season. It is, indeed, one of the gigantic enterprises of the century. In harmony with the spirit of the age, it is expansion in the truest sense, proposing to rescue from the Lybian and Arabian deserts twenty-five hundred square miles of country. It is estimated that it will permanently benefit Egypt a hundred million dollars, and will bring a direct annual return to her revenues of two million dollars. It is claimed by some that this project was planned twenty-six hundred years ago by Joseph when he was prime minister of Egypt, and that a dam was then built which fertilized the province of Fayum. It was also suggested by Napoleon during his conquering march through Egypt. The foundation block of granite was laid with imposing ceremonies February 12, 1899, by Queen Victoria's third son, the Duke of Connaught. The natural advantages at Assuan are quite perfect. The dam is to be seventy-six

feet high and a mile and a quarter long. It is estimated that a thousand million tons of water can be stored in the reservoir. The work is to be completed July 1, 1903, at a cost of twenty-five million dollars. Assuan is a border town with four thousand people, the trading point for the Soudan, and central Africa. A short way above is the beautiful island of Philæ, the turning-point of tourists on the Nile, "crowned with its temples, colonnades, and palms, and set in frame-work of majestic rocks and purple mountains."

It is a sad reflection that the beauty of Philæ will largely be hid from the world by the reservoir after 1903. "The Isis temple, with its impressive interior coloring, the Diocletian portal, one of the legendary graves of Osiris, the well-preserved pavilion called 'Pharaoh's Bed,' will all be there like jewels wrenched from glorious settings." It was here that the Romans signed, in the year 451 A. D., the articles of peace with the Bedouins, who were the last worshippers of Isis in this temple still towering proudly toward the temple of the true God above.

Oh, Philæ! In whose arms these wonders piled,
Have held us spellbound, and our dreams beguiled,
Could they but *speak*—thy temples—halls of kings,
What *history* they could tell—*what wondrous things!*

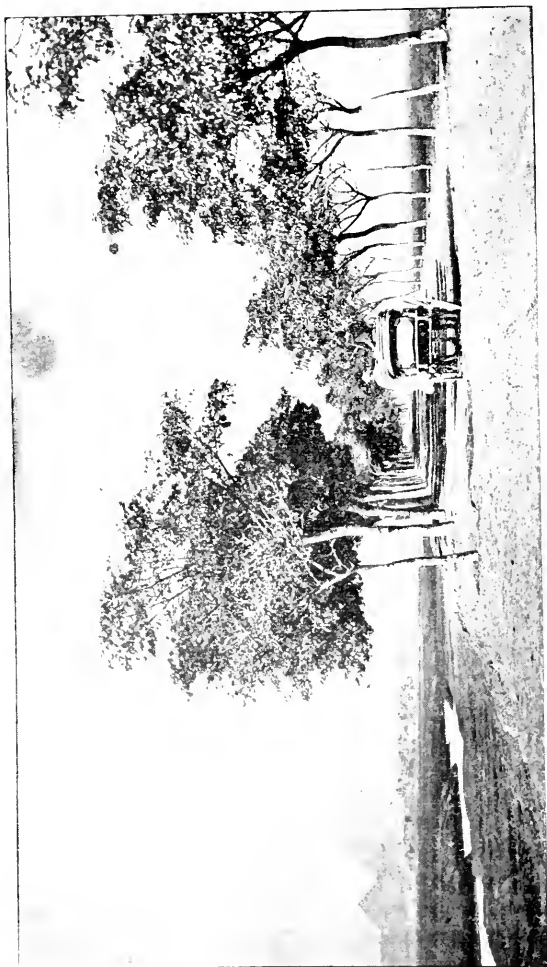
On the following day the return journey to Cairo was begun, arriving on Tuesday night, the 13th. We shall always have the most happy recollections of the excursion on the tranquil old Nile, upon which Moses was found in the basket of bulrushes, and Cleopatra floated in her gilded barge; of the proverbial beauty and fertility of the valley, with its pyramids, temples, and tombs; of its emblazoned sunsets, and the charming beauty of its silvery moonlight upon the mountains.

CHAPTER V.

FROM CAIRO TO JAFFA.

OF the five exceedingly interesting days spent in the noisy city of Cairo, none will have a more prominent place in memory than the one on which we visited the Pyramids. A finer outfit of carriages would rarely be seen in an American city than those which carried us across the picturesque valley that early morning. The horses of Cairo are exceptionally pretty. The excellent driveway was constructed in 1868 for the Prince of Wales and his party. It is lined with beautiful trees, and faces the Great Pyramid from the river, a distance of about eight miles. Something unutterably impressive steals over one's mind as he approaches this mountain of stone which seems to pierce the very heavens. How great must have been the ingenuity, how supreme the perseverance, and how vast the toil of its builders! Here the idea and custom of tomb-building are radically different from that which we have seen in upper Egypt. The Theban kings cut their tombs under the ground, while the Memphitic kings built their tombs above the ground.

Cheops, the great pyramid, was originally seven hundred and sixty-five feet square at the base (covering nearly thirteen acres), and four hundred and eighty feet high. But the wear of the centuries has reduced it to a base line of seven hundred and thirty-two feet, (covering nearly eleven acres), and four hundred and sixty feet high. It was once covered with a coating of cement of emerald appearance; but that has been removed, leaving terraced steps of from two to four feet, by which the tiresome and difficult ascent is made to the top, which is thirty feet square. By the assistance of two strong-armed Arabs the writer counts himself fortunate to have been one of the few of the party who reached the summit. To stand upon the top of that won-



DRIVEWAY TO THE PYRAMIDS

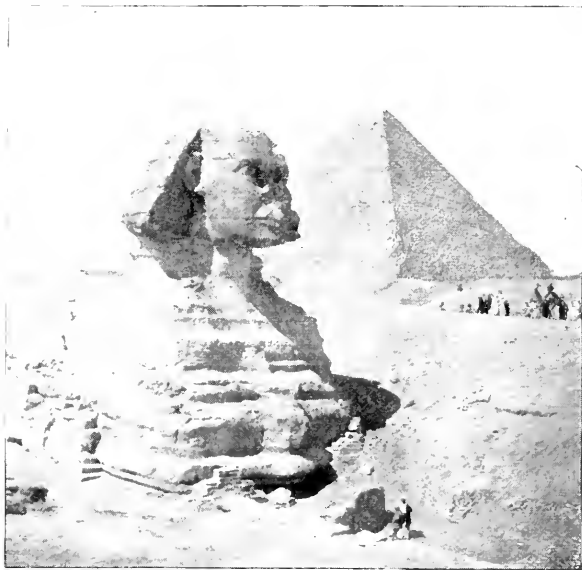
derful mount of ancient greatness and power is an event of one's life.

A panorama that is simply indescribable and certainly without a parallel in the world, spreads out on every side. On the west is the dreary desert, picture of death, with its sands piling against the great pyramid, which seems to set the bounds, and say, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no farther." On the east is the green valley, teeming with life, stretching to the north and to the south in striking contrast with the yellow border on either side. Farther to the east is the wide "life-giving river," on the east bank of which is the great city, with its hundreds of towers, domes, and minarets, and with the Mokottum Hills as a background. Beyond these the angel of death has spread his wings over a vast solitude known as the Arabian desert. The sight of ancient Heliopolis has a subtle charm. It tells the story of the coming of Joseph with the Ishmaelites long ago; then of his ten brothers, and finally of the silver-haired patriarch. Here in the evening time of life when the angels of God bade him make ready for his departure, Jacob remembered and speaks beautifully of three mountain-peak events in his life,—the hour when God met him in the way; the hour when he met Rachel and knew her worth; the hour when he digged her grave and buried her near Bethlehem; then pronouncing a benediction upon his sons, he was gathered unto his people. In full view is the island of Roda, the birth-place and childhood home of Moses, and not far away is the land of Goshen, from which he led oppressed Israel toward the promised land.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

The links in the chain of providence may be forty or even eighty miles long, but they are nevertheless connected. The site of ancient Memphis is in full view. Three miles further down the river, Napoleon a hundred years ago with his army drawn up in battle array, on the morning of the Battle of

the Pyramids pointed toward the place upon which we stand and said to his soldiers, "From yonder summit forty centuries look down upon us." If these stones could speak they would doubtless say, "Before Abraham was, I am." They belong to the earliest ages of the human race, and a marvelous civil-



SPHINX AND PYRAMID.

ization must have existed even then to have attained to such achievements in architecture. The walls are so accurate that astronomical calculations have been based on their angles and shadows. After witnessing the changes wrought by perhaps sixty centuries, these giants of unknown time still stand in majesty looking out upon the valley, "as if to mock the men, and things, and littleness of to-day."

The entrance to the interior of the great pyramid is on the

north side, forty feet from the ground. A small, dreary incline of three hundred and twenty feet leads to a cluster of rooms differing in dimensions, known as the "King's Chamber," "Queen's Chamber," "Antechamber," and "Mortuary Chamber." Inside the "King's Chamber" lies the empty, coverless, broken red granite sarcophagus of Cheops.

While descending we halted occasionally to watch the gesticulations and combats of the multitudes of Arabs below. The clamor for *baksheesh* was deafening.

Not far from the great pyramid the ugly head of the Sphinx rises above the sands of the desert. The sun was burning hot when we were carried by camels and donkeys into the presence of this mysterious Egyptian god with human head and lion paws, which is supposed to surpass even the pyramids in antiquity. It is conceded to be the largest graven image ever cut by the hands of man. The body is about one hundred and fifty feet long, the paws fifty feet long, the head thirty feet long, the face is fourteen feet wide, and from the top of the head to the base of the monument the distance is about seventy feet. Recent excavations have astonished the world at its enormity. Between its paws is an altar to which you ascend by a long flight of steps. The Arabs call it "the fatherly terror." While looking into the face of the great image one can appreciate the definition "Egypt deified." In the temple almost under the shadow of the Sphinx an excellent luncheon was served which was thoroughly enjoyed by all after the rigorous exercise of the morning.

On our return we visited again the museum. Some of our party were favored in having Professor Groff to accompany them through the building. We next visited the Coptic church in "old Cairo." Here they point out the place where Mary and Joseph with the Holy Child were protected for a time during their stay in Egypt. This church possesses the next to the oldest manuscript in the world.

The following morning we were interested with the sights of the old Moslem University, with ten thousand students

and more than three hundred teachers, or masters, gathered from all Mohammedan countries. It was founded in the year 975, being the oldest university in the world. The building is in the shape of a court of oriental design and is without covering. Nowhere is there a desk or a chair,—



HASSAN AND ISSA WHO ASSISTED THE AUTHOR IN CLIMB-
ING THE PYRAMIDS.

all sit on the cold floor. In the preparation of their lessons they read and spell aloud, and the teachers walk around among them, each carrying a whip. The presence of strangers is scarcely noticed. The ages of the pupils range from ten to sixty years. It is said that the teachers discourage progressive thought regarding it as a dangerous tendency.

Cairo is divided into quarters—the European quarter, Jewish quarter, Coptic quarter, and water-carriers' quarter. Perhaps no cry in the city is more striking than that of the water-carrier; "The gift of God!" he cries, as he goes along with his water-skin on his shoulder. It is very likely that water, so invaluable and so often scarce in hot countries, was in Christ's days spoken of as now, as "the gift of God," to denote its preciousness; if so, the expression of Jesus to the woman at the well would be the more forceful. The narrow streets are lined with bazars; upon these there has been no European intrusion; they are as Oriental to-day as when Lane wrote his "Modern Egyptians." What views of street life!—priests in robes, peddlers with trays on their heads, citizens with turbaned heads, beggars without number, desert Bedouins, dervishes, soldiers, boatmen, laborers, camel trains, bearing all manner of building material; donkeys loaded with chickens, geese, and ducks, all jostled together. What an uproar this endless kaleidoscopic panorama of street life in Cairo produces! Yonder in the distance is a great commotion. "What's the trouble?" some one inquires. People, camels, and donkeys are jostled together in opening the way for two running footmen with bare brown legs and flashy uniforms, swinging their clubs of authority, commanding the populace to make way for the carriage of their master. The next scene is that of a funeral procession. The dead body is borne on the shoulders of men, followed by professional mourners, shrieking, howling, and rending their garments for the bereaved family. The letter-writer sits by his little table always ready for a few piasters to write anything, in any language for illiterate applicants. Custom in Egypt is unalterable no matter how ridiculous. The small boy may yet be seen accompanying the cows, carrying under his arm a stuffed calf to make them submit willingly to the milking process. A donkey ride to "old Cairo," to Joseph's well, to the hideous performance of the dervishes, and to the tombs of the Mamelukes, was of varied interest. While the donkey is now being banished from Cairo by the trolley car, he has

been in all the past an important factor in Egypt. These little animals may appear to be faithful, and kindly disposed, but at the same time they possess a nature which sometimes very unexpectedly asserts the opposite. Some one has very well said that "while the donkey is a fine specimen of total depravity, he is none the more so than his master." I was not able to learn the Arabian word for "balks," but the last and sure remedy for the disease I shall not soon forget. In one instance a donkey suddenly stopped and refused to go another step. The command *yeller*, and ordinary remedies were ineffective. Presently his master gathered a bundle of dry thorns, placing them under him, and striking fire with a flint, they were soon ablaze and "Columbus" was off "with a rush." When the muleteer was censured for his cruelty, he declared that nothing would cure the disease but fire. The only sure remedy for balky people in the church is fire—though of a different kind.

It was our pleasure to spend an evening at the United Presbyterian mission-school, which is doing a noble work. This church has a theological school at Suit, and seventy mission stations in the valley. The harvests already gathered presage the time when the Egyptians "shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressors, and he shall send them a saviour, and a great one, and he shall deliver them. And the Lord shall be known to Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord in that day" (Isa. 19: 20, 21).

Our itinerary in the land of the Pharaohs might have been extended with much interest and profit, but it has been a great privilege, indeed, to spend sixteen days in the country "watered by the noblest river, and consecrated by the imperishable memorials of a history of five thousand years," which Herodotus said "contains more wonders than any other country, because there is no other country where we may see so many works which are admirable and beyond all expression."

Wednesday morning, March 14, we boarded the train in Cairo to begin the journey to the Holy Land. In a little

time the city faded out of sight, and we were speeding rapidly toward Ismailia, arriving at 3:30 P.M. This is the principal town of Suez because of its central location on the famous canal. Its modern homes and beautiful gardens give it a very attractive appearance. Here we changed to a narrow-gauge railroad for Port Said. The fifty-mile ride along the



MEMBERS OF THE PILGRIMAGE CROSSING THE DESERT.

canal, this most important artery of marine travel, was exceedingly interesting. Many of our party were excited over the ducks that could be counted by thousands on the lakes. The mirage of the desert on the eastern sky and the glory of the sunset behind the waters were worthy of the artist's brush. Reaching Port Said at night, we were transferred to the steamer *Euterpa*, which left at once for Jaffa. The

writer rose early the following morning in order to catch the first glimpse of the sacred shores. Soon the old town of Jaffa was sighted in the hazy distance. The scene was accompanied by an inexpressible thrill of joy. It was the beginning of the realization of the hopes of many years.

In a little time our boat was riding at anchor a mile off the coast of the ancient town, part of which seemed to be washed by the spray of the waters. It was in this port that Hiram delivered the cedar and pine for the building of the temple in Jerusalem. For centuries this has been the seaport of the Holy City. It was the landing-place of the crusaders when they went forth to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the infidels, and for a thousand years it has been the place where pilgrims from every land have first set foot on the sacred soil. The landing is sometimes exceedingly difficult and dangerous, but we were favored with an unusually calm sea. We were transferred to small boats, and by the strong arms of Cook's boatmen plying the oars were soon permitted to set our feet on the land sacred above any other. The streets being too narrow for a vehicle, we were obliged to walk some distance to the gate where carriages were in waiting. After a delightful drive to historic places, through gardens and orange groves laden with the finest quality of fruit in the world, we returned to Hotel de Park for luncheon. It was the fragrance of these orchards and flowers that contributed to Solomon's style when he spoke of the glory of the church.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

THE first vision of the Holy Land will be cherished as one of the greatest events and happiest memories of life. The experience of walking upon its sacred shores produces a strangely subduing sensation. These mountains and plains have the power to hold and charm the heart, not because they are more beautiful and fertile than those of other lands, but because they were once traversed by the feet of God's ancient worthies, and

" O'er whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which nineteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter tree."

"The land held the Old Testament saints in fascination because it anchored in it the promise of Christ to come. The land holds the New Testament saints in fascination because it anchors in it the evidence that Christ has come."

The city of Jaffa (Joppa) claims to have a population of about thirty thousand. It is a very ancient city. Pliny declared it to have been standing before the deluge, and there is at present a popular tradition that it is the city in which Noah lived and built his ark. From the sea it appears beautiful, having much of the appearance of a pyramid by the seaside. But on entering the city you find its streets narrow and filthy, and the general appearance quite uninviting. Indeed, the visitor is impressed that it is just the opposite of what its name suggests—*the beautiful*. But the country round about presents a scene of luxuriant beauty, with its three hundred orange groves containing from two to twelve acres each. They are enclosed by stone fences and massive cactus hedges presenting a pretty contrast to the golden fruit within. Some one remarked that "the coloring of the oranges was so exquisite that it seemed that the glow and warmth of the sun were imprisoned within them."

Among the places of historic interest pointed out to us was

first the traditional home of Dorcas, who made garments and gave them to the poor. When she died Peter was sent for and when he entered the room where her body lay "all the widows stood by her weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them." After prayer Peter bade her arise and her life returned. (Acts 9:41-43.) From this noble woman our Dorcas societies are named. While we may have looked upon but little of the material of the old building, nevertheless, the very ground seemed sacred, as the events of long ago came crowding into mind.

We were next driven through the muddy, crooked streets to the house of "Simon the tanner." The surroundings harmonize so completely with the account given in the tenth chapter of Acts that there can be but little doubt as to the identity of the place. We climbed the staircase of stone, worn by the press of the foot of many a pilgrim, which leads from the old well in the yard to the roof of the house, flat now, as of old. Here we believed that we were looking upon the same view as that which met the eyes of Peter, for the old ocean has not changed since he received the vision which taught to him and to the world the universality of the gospel of Christ and the great brotherhood of man.

The rocks at our feet against which the incoming waves were dashing in fury are connected with the legend of the beautiful Andromeda. To one of these rocks she was chained to be devoured by the terrible Medusa, when Perseus rescued her for his bride from the monster and turned him into stone.

We were then conducted to Miss Arnot's school for girls. It was a real pleasure to meet this noble Christian woman, and hear her speak of the thirty-seven years of her work in this far-off land. The building is well-located, and is of modern design. There are at present about forty students in the school, ranging in ages from ten to fifteen years. One needs but glance at the degraded condition of woman in Mohammedan lands to appreciate the importance and value of the work in which Miss Arnott is engaged.

The trip from Jaffa to Jerusalem was exceedingly interesting. Being the great thoroughfare to the sacred city in



TOWER OF RAMLEH.

all the ages, it is crowded with historic, sacred, and profane associations. The only railroad in Palestine connects these two cities, a distance of forty-one miles. The excellency of the plain of Sharon so profusely covered with grass and flowers was admired by all. While every touch of beauty is a thought of God for us, the rose of Sharon and the lily-of-the-valley are especially honored by our Lord in their illustrative use in his Word. In the greatest sermon that was ever preached there was only one flower, and that the lily. It was a great joy that afternoon to hold in my hand the same kind of flowers of which it was said that "Solomon

in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." It may be that God made the flowers to teach his people the constancy of his care. It is said that Martin Luther always had a flower on his desk for inspiration. The presence of the flowers in the home brings fragrance and cheer, but the sweetest fragrance and deepest joy are brought to our homes and to our hearts by the One of whom the rose and the lily speak. Prominent among the towns of the plain which figured in early history are Lydda and Ramleh, from which we had a lovely view across wheat fields and flower-tinted pasture-lands that stretch away to the purple hills of Judea.

The best part of the plain has been purchased and settled by Jewish colonists, who have planted orchards, and erected beautiful villages presenting a very modern appearance. The pasture-grounds of this plain have been famous from early history. (I. Chr. 27:29.)

The rugged hills of Judea as a background appeared very lovely in contrast with the plain and the low valley of the Nile. Near the center of the plain stands the lonely square tower of Ramleh, an exquisite specimen of Saracenic art. Some say that it is a minaret of the Mameluke period, others hold that it marks the place of an old Christian church in the days of the apostles where forty martyrs were buried.

Late in the afternoon of March 16, with exultant emotions, we caught a glimpse of towers in the distance, reminding us that we were nearing the Holy City, the sight of which would be the realization of many a day-dream. Roman legions with eagles high above them; and crusaders from every part of Europe; and multitudes of pilgrims in the ages past have stood in the same place eager to catch a glimpse of the sacred city. Soon it broke upon us in a glory we had never dreamed of, the golden amber of the setting sun upon the western sky, and the pale moon rising over the Mount of Olives, the reflection of which produced a covering of exquisite beauty which rested like a benediction upon the city and surrounding hills. The vision was indeed suggestive of the apocalyptic New Jerusalem; and

as the day passed into twilight we passed through the gate into the city. The occasion will forever be consecrated to memory.

The following morning our dragoman conducted us east on David Street to Christian Street, then north through the bazaars to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is held in common by the Greek, Roman, Armenian, and Coptic Christians. Since the sixth century the location of the church claims to mark the place of the crucifixion. By climbing eighteen steps just outside the Greek church we reached the reputed place of Calvary. The location seems absurd and altogether out of harmony with the accounts given in the gospels. Within the great building are numerous costly chapels, marking the sacred places. Here is the Stone of Unction, where the body of our Lord was laid for anointing; a pilgrim is measuring it that he might make his own winding sheet the same size, then pressing the kiss of affection and gratitude. Near by is the place where Mary the mother of Jesus stood while his body was being anointed. This is the property of the Armenians. We then enter the rotunda. The dome is sixty feet in diameter, and beautifully decorated with mosaics. Directly under the dome is the Holy Sepulchre. You first pass into a small chapel underneath the altar, and through a low, narrow passage into the burial chamber itself. This marble-cased chamber is lighted by forty-three lamps always burning. In the chapel of the Syrians they point out the place of the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, and the place where Jesus stood when he said, "Woman, why weepest thou." Ascending three steps, we enter the church of the Latins. On the left is a beautiful painting of "The Last Supper"; on the right an altar, and on it a stick called the Rod of Moses. By putting one end of the stick into a hole over the altar, a stone is touched called the Column of Scourging, to which Christ was bound by order of Pilate. In the Greek chapel we were shown the stone on which they say our Lord sat while the soldiers platted a crown of thorns. Here, said our dragoman, is

where they nailed him to the cross, and there is the rock where the cross stood and the hole in which it rested. In the Chapel of Saint Helena they say the three crosses were found. Not knowing which was the true cross they carried one into the presence of a sick woman. It proved to be the cross of the thief, and she became a maniac. They carried another which proved to be the cross of the second thief, and



VIA DOLOROSA.

she was thrown into spasms; but they tell you in all seriousness that when they brought in the third cross she was immediately restored, and so they believe that they have the cross upon which the Saviour died.

They speak of the miracle of the Holy Fire on Easter Eve in the Greek chapel. When the patriarch enters the sepulchre, fire descends from heaven and lights the candles upon the altar. The patriarch, who is alone in the sepulchre, passes out the fire through a hole in the wall. The pilgrims,

in wild excitement, rush with tapers and candles to have them kindled from the sacred flame, and these are passed on from one to the other until the whole church is illuminated. They say that those who are so fortunate as to obtain but a spark of this holy fire will have all their sins removed and consumed forever.

These cold stones and marble slabs are worn by the kisses of millions of adoring pilgrims. It being the season of Lent, the altars were richly decorated and crowded with worshipers. Instead of the sacredness that should accompany the place, the effort to accentuate and make display diverts the thought from that which alone gives reason for its existence. Lady Burton, a Romanist, voiced a general sentiment when she said, "Would that St. Helena had contented herself with building walls around the sacred spots and left them to nature. They would thus have better satisfied the love and devotion of Christendom, than the little ornamented chapels which one shuts one's eyes not to see, trying to realize what had once been."

From the summit of the Greek Church we were favored with an excellent view of the city. One is at once impressed that the description given by David is exceedingly appropriate at present. "Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together." It has an area of two hundred and nine acres with a population of about fifty thousand. The present walls were built by Sultan Sulciman in 1542. They are thirty-five feet high with thirty-four towers and eight gates, six of which are open and two closed. The streets of the city, if streets they can be called, with but few exceptions, are not named or numbered. They are crooked, narrow, never clean, roughly paved, and in many instances are vaulted over by the buildings on each side of them. The city is unique, we are told, in having no bar-rooms, no beer-gardens, no theaters or places of amusement of any kind, no wealthy or upper class, no mayor or alderman.

Saturday afternoon we were delighted with the privilege of visiting the Mount of Olives, the place above all others

in Palestine I had longed, even from childhood, to see. Passing the tomb of the kings, then Solomon's quarries, which were connected by a tunnel with the temple at the time of its building, so that the sound of the hammer was not heard, then crossing the deep valley of the Kidron opposite the "Golden" or "Beautiful" gate, we reached the garden wall of Gethsemane. Here three ways meet, each leading across the sacred hill. It is very evident that the location of these roads has not changed since the time of Christ, and as we climbed the hill we could but feel that his dear feet must have trodden the same path, and that we were looking upon scenes once familiar to him. Every object seemed to have a special message for the heart. The view is one of surpassing interest in its historical and scriptural associations. I cannot put its beauty and impressiveness into words. Looking over upon the city to the west the Forty-eighth Psalm was read with a new meaning. It would seem very natural that David was upon Olivet when he wrote, "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King." It is difficult to imagine the magnificence of this view in the days of the country's glory.

There are mountains from which wider views may be obtained, but certainly there are none from which can be seen more places sacred in the annals of the Jewish and Christian world.

Nestling on the eastern slopes of the hill is the little town of Bethany, where the Saviour performed his last miracle, and spent his last Sabbath on earth. To the north are the terraced hills of Benjamin, many of whose tops are still crowned with villages of old. Twenty miles southeast, in a valley almost four thousand feet below us, we look upon the blue waters of the Dead Sea, which seemed to be not half so far away. North of it is the Jordan valley, ribbon-like in appearance, bounded on the west by the glittering wilderness, and on the east by the rugged cloud-like mountains of Moab and Gilead. To the west at our feet lies the city,

white and beautiful, for its narrow, dirty streets are hidden from view. Its buildings seem regular, its walls picturesque, no sounds are heard to break its solemn stillness. There cannot be a more impressive view in all the world. There was a desire to be alone with the tender memories suggested by these scenes,—alone with one's own thoughts, and alone with God. Upon this mountain Christ gathered his disciples about him, and pointing with his pierced hand to the north



MOUNT OF OLIVES AND GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

and to the south, to the east and to the west, said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, and lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Then, pronouncing his last tender benediction from this mountain, he ascended to heaven to rule in majesty at the right hand of the throne for his people.

Near this place the angel messengers appeared to the witnesses of his ascension and cheered them with the promise that, "This same Jesus which is taken from you up into Heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." It is believed by many that near this place

the Lord will descend in the glory of his heavenly kingdom. The writer felt that evening abundantly rewarded for every sacrifice made for the pilgrimage, and all the hardships of the long journey across the seas.

On our return we tarried for a time in the Garden of Gethsemane. Eyes grew dim and hearts tender with the thought of the night of agony when he prayed, "Father, if it be possible let the cup pass from me: nevertheless not my will but thine be done." Within the garden stand eight venerable olive-trees, which it is possible may have witnessed his agony. I was glad to secure from the old gardener a little branch of leaves to send to friends far away.

"Can I Gethsemane forget,
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat
And not remember thee?"

From the garden we descended into the valley of Kidron, then turning southward over a rough road passing the tombs of Absalom, James, and Zechariah, we reach the pool of Siloam. The sun was lost behind the Judean hills, and we were traveling in the shadows. The valley is covered with gardens known as the King's Gardens.

"By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lilies grow."

Then returning through the Hinnom Valley we reached again the Jaffa gate, the place from which we started.

The following morning, while the sweet chimes of the Sabbath bells were ringing, the writer, in company with two friends again climbed the hill which seemed like the holy of holies to all other places. It was the Master's secret place of prayer, and it was here that he taught the disciples how to pray. A French lady of title has built here a pretty little chapel called "the Chapel of Our Father." On its walls is inscribed "The Lord's Prayer" in thirty-two languages.

It was a day of sweet fellowship with each other and with Jesus Christ, for we felt that we had walked almost in touch with him.

CHAPTER VII.

ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM.

WHILE Jerusalem is familiarly known as a mountain city, one does not realize until he makes the gradual ascent, that it is about twenty-six hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea, and nearly four thousand feet above the surface of the Dead Sea. The climate is very much like that of the month of June in Ohio, and is considered very desirable. The nights, however, we found uncomfortably cool.

Our first important outing was a carriage-drive to Hebron, located twenty miles south of Jerusalem. The day was almost perfect, and every mile of the way was rich in biblical lore. A short distance from the Jaffa gate we passed an attractive German colony occupying a part of the plain of Rephaim, a noted battle-field in the history of the sixteen sieges and captures of Jerusalem. Here the Philistines were camped when David heard the "Sound of a going" in the mulberry trees which was the signal of attack, and the pean of triumph over the enemy. To our left was "The Hill of Evil Counsel," upon which our dragoman "spotted" the place where Judas hanged himself. On the road a little further to our right was pointed out a well where tradition says that when the wise men journeyed to seek Jesus, they lost the star and could not see it, but when they turned their eyes down that they might draw water from the well, they beheld the reflection of the star in the water and went on their way rejoicing. On the opposite side of the road we were shown the depression in the rocks where we were told Elijah was in hiding from the wicked Jezebel. About an hour's drive from the city gate is the tomb of Rachel, located on the roadside near Bethlehem. The place seemed lonely and neglected. But it suggested the extremely pathetic account of her death. In his old age Jacob repeats with ten-

der memory the story of his loss, and it would seem proper that the little woman for whom he worked seven long years, which "seemed but a few days for the love he bore her," should have had a burial place in Machpelah.

Further on we halted at the Pools of Solomon. These are referred to in Ecclesiastes 2:6. Some one has very well said that "the Holy Land is like a stringed instrument, every



POOL OF SOLOMON.

touch upon which brings forth some sweet or musical sound, for it vibrates at every turn with some suggestion or beautiful passage of the divine Word." The thought was thrilling that along this road Abraham must have passed on his journey of faith to sacrifice his son on Mt. Moriah.

Hebron lies in the valley of Eshecol, from which it is supposed the spies carried the wonderful clusters of grapes back to the camp of Israel. The population is probably twelve thousand. It is one of the oldest towns in the world, and

contains the oldest known burial place in the world, the purchase of which by Abraham is conceded to be the first legal contract on record. (Gen. 23:3-20.) Here the three patriarchs and their wives (except Rachel) were buried. A large mosque has been erected over these sacred tombs, and the place is rigidly guarded by Mohammedan soldiers. The natives showed their hatred of Christians by following us in mobs, and cursing us every step of the way. Norman McLeod has beautifully said concerning the cave of Machpelah, "This is the only spot on earth which attracts to it all who possess the one creed, 'I believe in God.' The Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem separates Moslem, Jew, and Christian; here they assemble together. The Moslem guards this place as dear and holy. The Jew from every land draws near to it with reverence and love, and his kisses have left an imprint on its stones. Christians visit the spot with a reverence equally affectionate. And who lies here? A great king or conqueror? A man famous for his genius or his learning? No; but an old shepherd who pitched his tent four thousand years ago among these hills, a stranger and a pilgrim in the land, and who was known only as *El Khahl*—The Friend."

It was interesting to go on horseback from Hebron to the "oak of Mamre" two miles west of the city. The venerable tree, in the presence of which the writer felt like taking off his hat, is said to have been standing in the days of Christ, and marks the dwelling-place of Abraham at the time of the marvelous event recorded in Gen 18. The tree is thirty-three feet in circumference at the base and has four huge branches. Whether the location is genuine or not we knew that we were riding over the fields where Abraham once held sweet communion with God. Returning to Jerusalem late in the evening, we felt that the day had been one of real interest and profit.

The following morning we left for a three days' journey on horseback to Jericho and the Dead Sea. The way from Jerusalem to Jericho lies through the wilderness of Judea,

which to-day, as of old, is a rendezvous for robbers. We were accompanied by a band of armed men for protection on the way. After about four hours' ride we reached the "Inn of the Good Samaritan," where the noon meal was served and greatly enjoyed by all. Late in the afternoon, when the heat was almost unbearable, it was refreshing to



OAK OF MAMRE.

hear the rippling waters of the brook Cherith, and to look out upon the Jordan valley before us. The deep and rugged gorge through which the brook flows compares favorably with many of the celebrated canyons of Colorado. Hanging against one of the cliffs is "Elijah's Monastery," (occupied by Greek monks,) which claims to mark the place where the prophet was fed by the ravens.

This barren wilderness, with its silence and solitude, and with its wonderful sky, is an auditorium in which God could secure the attention of a man, and speak to him effectively. Here Elijah was prepared for his important work and received his message. Here John the Baptist, one of the greatest preachers of the ages, received his training. The great leaders of to-day are not the children of affluence, but have come up out of obscurity and have been the architects of their own fortunes. The great leaders of yesterday were all



INN OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN

educated through solitude, there they found themselves and their strongest faculties and became men of oak and rock. Adversity, it is said, bends low over each kneeling Paul, or Luther, and whispers, "Rise up, Sir Knight."

Our first night in the tents was near Jericho, perhaps not far from the first encampment of the Israelites after crossing the Jordan. The night was made memorable by the howls of jackals that seemed to gather in companies near the tents. Early the following morning we rode ten miles south to the Dead Sea. Because of the clear atmosphere distances in this country are very deceptive. This sea is the lowest depression on the face of the earth. Its shores are

barren, and a bath in its briny waters is obtained with difficulty. To the east are the mountains of Moab, enveloped in a mellowing haze, prominent among which is the summit, where, after a long and glorious life, the servant of God was honored with the privilege of viewing the promised land, and as the earthly Canaan faded from sight, a brighter vision opened of "fairer lands on high" (Deut. 34: 1-8).

"By Nebo's lonely mountain,
East of the J-ordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod
And laid the dead man there."

We lunched at noon on the banks of the Jordan near the traditional place where Christ was baptized. This is indeed a wonderful stream with a remarkable history. It has no commercial interest, nor physical value, no mill-wheel has ever been turned by its power. But it is "the silver cord upon which God strung as golden beads the thrilling events of sacred history." Here at this ancient ford, under the command of Joshua, the priests stood one morning with the ark on their shoulders, and suddenly the waters divided and Israel crossed over. But these waters were especially made sacred by the baptism of our Lord, which inaugurated his public ministry. Descending the banks through the mud, it was a joy to bathe my hands and face in the sacred water, and then fill a little can to carry home with me. By way of variety we were favored that day with a succession of drenching rain storms. The return to Jericho by way of Gilgal was over the same ground where Elijah and Elisha walked together on the morning when the hero of Carmel was carried to heaven in a chariot.

Ancient Jericho, famous in the conquest of Joshua, and honored by the presence of the Saviour, who gave sight to the blind on its streets, and brought salvation to the home of Zaccheus, is now marked only by a few desolate ruins. The

beautiful groves and gardens for which it was so long celebrated are no more. A few palms, thorn bushes, and sycamore trees surround the ruins, over which still lingers the malediction, "Cursed be the man before the Lord, that riseth up and buildeth this city Jericho: he shall lay the foundation thereof in his first-born, and in his youngest son shall be set up the gates of it" (Josh. 6:26). The "Mount of Temptation" stands near the ruins of the city on the west, lifting its barren head nine hundred feet above the valley; at its base is the beautiful "Fountain of Elisha."



THE DEAD SEA.

The following day we returned to Jerusalem, over the same route perhaps which the Saviour took in his last journey to the city. It was a great pleasure to stop for a time at Bethany. The town is quite uninviting, but the very ground seemed sacred because of its associations with the life of the Saviour. Here he had his most intimate friends--Mary, Martha, and Lazarus. Here he wept tears of friendship, and performed his last miracle. From this place he made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. This step meant Calvary. It was the beginning of a week which showed divinity at its best and humanity at its worst.

On the summit of Olivet that day there occurred one of the most tragic moments of Christ's eventful life. Here he beheld the city spread out in all its splendor before him. Even in the midst of the "Hosanna" acclaim the thoughts which the sight suggested could not be controlled. The tears rushed to those eyes of love, and from his lips there came the sentence prophetic of the awful doom impending over the temple and palaces of the city he so loved (Luke 19:42-45). Less than forty years after its utterance that prediction was fulfilled. The city that was then mirrored in his eyes now sleeps in silence forty feet under the earth. Only Christ in art will remain, but man in art will perish. The towers of human greatness will crumble, but amid the wreck of matter and crash of worlds the artist who has mixed the most truth in his paint and wrought in stone with the design of God in his brain has given to the world the most enduring works of art.

After arriving at our hotel a deep shadow was thrown over the company that evening by the death of Captain Wilson, of Cleveland, Ohio, whom we had all learned to love and honor. This was the only death in our ranks during the pilgrimage.

Our last excursion before leaving the city was a delightful hour's ride to Bethlehem. The country presented many interesting scenes of oriental life: The husbandman plowing in the field, sometimes with a cow and a donkey yoked together. The plaintive songs of shepherds and herdsmen greeted the ear from hill and plain. Upon these same hills David watched his father's sheep. Here the shepherd boy, "aided only by his harp and sweet voice, became the court minstrel, the champion of the army, the companion of the king, the idol of the people, and then, with one bound, leaped into the throne itself." The sight of these fields brought back the joy of childhood's memories. For the first time since leaving America the writer felt that home was not far away. In thought and spirit he was in father's house across the seas, and then in the Sunday-school he loved

so much, where once a year the glad songs of the Babe of Bethlehem were sung so sweetly. As we stood together in the "Grotto of the Nativity," in front of the silver star which marks the place of his birth, after reading from the second chapter of Luke, we made the gallery ring with

"Joy to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King,
Let every heart prepare him room
And heaven and nature sing."

The thought was overwhelming that all Christianity was once in this manger, and from this place an influence for good has gone forth upon the human race that cannot be measured, and will continue until the last desert will grow roses. All this started here in the humble manger within sound of bleating sheep, and bellowing cattle, and amid rough bantering of herdsmen and camel drivers. What a low place to start for such great heights! No wonder that Paul Veronese, and Rubens, and Tintoretto, and Correggio, and Raphael put their best pencils in this scene. Near the "Grotto of the Nativity" is the chamber where Jerome desiring to be near the Lord's birthplace studied for thirty years, translating the Scriptures into the Latin Vulgate, and then from this same study cut in the rock twenty feet square, went to his reward. We were conducted to an elevation overlooking the fertile fields on the east where Ruth gleaned, and where the first *Gloria in Excelsis* was heard.

No one can look upon the terraced hills of Bethlehem with its surroundings of fertile fields, vineyards, orchards, and flowers without feeling that nature honored our Lord by providing a place of charming beauty for his nativity. But we must make our way back to Jerusalem and walk about Zion, the highest elevation within the walls. Here stands the tower of David which has resisted through all the centuries the ravages of time. Grand old relic, the shadow of which has fallen upon prophets and apostles, and now rests upon us. Near by are the Protestant Missions and further

to the south the Armenian Convent inclosing the splendid church of St. James, the first bishop of Jerusalem. Here are also the traditional houses of Annas and Caiaphas where our Lord was condemned before the Sanhedrim. They show us the prison in which he was kept the night before



CENTRAL SQUARE IN BETHLEHEM.

his crucifixion. Our dragoman also pointed out the place where Peter stood when he denied the Lord. Not far away is a little mosque erected over the tomb of David. The identity of this burial place is scarcely questioned. Mohammedan soldiers guard it with superstitious jealousy. Near by, indeed under the same roof, is the traditional "upper room," sixty feet long and thirty feet wide. When the city was overthrown by Titus, this was one of the few buildings that

survived the destruction. It is generally conceded that this was the scene of the "Last Supper," and of the ten days' prayer-meeting followed by the Pentecost. We placed our hands upon the great stones upon which rested in olden times, the arch, spanning the Tyropean valley and connecting Mount Zion and Mount Moriah. Upon it, perhaps, the Queen of Sheba stood surrounded by such magnificence that she declared that the "half had not been told." One of the most imposing buildings of the city is the Mosque of Omar, occupying the place of Solomon's temple. From the very earliest times it has been a place of worship. Eight handsome gateways open into the sacred court. The dome is regarded as the most graceful in the world. Under it is the mysterious rock, rising four feet above the marble floor and measuring forty-six by forty-two feet. If we are to believe the traditions, on this rock Melchizedek offered sacrifice, and Abraham was about to offer Isaac. They say when Mohammed took his flight to Paradise he ascended from this rock which attempted to return with him to his native glory, and was only restrained by the powerful hand of the angel Gabriel. They point to the footprints of the prophet and the fingerprints of the angels. Beneath the rock is a cavern in which there seems to be conduits through which the blood of the sacrifices in the days of the temple ran away into the valley below. Into this rock Mohammed is said to have driven certain nails which gradually are to work through the stone and fall into the cavern below, and when all these have gone through the end of the world will come. Of the nineteen original nails driven only three remain in the rock. What a multitude of traditions and strange superstitions are connected with it!

The Jews' wailing place beside the old wall near the Barclay Gate, which they believe to be the nearest place without the temple enclosure to the ancient Holy of Holies, is a little paved area about one hundred feet long and thirty feet wide. The ridiculous though pathetic scene suggested the inquiry, "Will their wailing ever cease? Will their prayers

ever be answered?" Twenty years ago there was only a handful of Jews in the Holy City. Now there are over forty-eight thousand. Prophecy is being fulfilled. "Ye shall be gathered one by one, O ye children of Israel, saith the Lord." "I will take you one of a city, and two of a family and I will bring you to Zion." Surely there is a time coming when joy shall return to the holy city. Starting from the Gate of St. Stephen we enter the *Via Dolorosa* which is the most sacred street in the city. To our left is the church of St. Anne, known as the home of the mother of Mary the Virgin. A little to the west is the "Pool of Bethesda." Descending a number of steps we touch our hands to the water. On the wall is a painting of the angel, (recently uncovered), with one hand uplifted in blessing and the other troubling the waters. Returning to the sacred way we stand face to face with the "Ecce Homo Arch," and Pilate's Judgment Hall. Here Pilate brought Jesus forth wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe, and presented him to the multitude with the memorable words, "Behold the man!"

The place of the Judgment Hall is now occupied by a convent and children's school. Here some of our party purchased crowns of thorns said to be the same in kind as that which was rudely pressed down upon the brow of the Saviour. This narrow, crooked street that marks the way from the Judgment Hall to Calvary, is divided into stations that have been wet with the tears of long generations of pilgrims who have sought to follow the footsteps of the Master as he bore the heavy cross. They show us the place where he took up the cross; the place where he sank under the cross; the house of St. Veronica who wiped the Saviour's brow and had his features left impressed upon her handkerchief which she gave to his mother; and the place where he said, "Weep not for me but for yourselves and for your children." We walked with tender hearts from one station to the other until we reached the traditional Golgotha. The facts, suggested by these scenes, apart from locality, never before seemed so real

and impressive. Recent excavations have established the belief that the place of the crucifixion was outside the present city walls. To harmonize with the account given by the evangelists, the location must be an elevation, outside of the walls, and in view of a public highway, neither of which are met by the place called Calvary. Outside of the Damascus Gate is a hill fronting an ancient public highway which meets in every particular the requirements. Among the Jews



GORDON'S CALVARY.

it has ever been known as the place of stoning. It is shaped like a skull. "In looking at it to-day you could quite understand how one would say, there are the very places that would correspond to the sockets of the eye-balls in the skull of a human being." There are still the openings in the rocks as if "God said to Calvary, Remain forever and hold in your solid rocks the yawning fissures made by the earthquake when Jesus Christ was crucified, and tell mankind how heaven and earth alike were stirred to their depths by the wonderful tragedy." The pick and shovel have in recent years revealed the foundations of the ancient city walls, two

in number. These are referred to by Josephus. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is within their inclosure. The genuineness of the location outside the Damascus Gate, with a garden at its base, was first affirmed by Major Conder and also by Dr. Merrill, but it bears the name of "Gordon's Calvary" because General Gordon visited and believed in it, and an enterprising photographer took the picture of it and called it by his name. In the quiet Sunday afternoon of March 25, our last day in the city, we had a delightful and impressive service on this sacred hill where our hearts said the Lord was crucified. It was an occasion that will forever live in memory, but after all, Christ cannot be confined to any one place. He belongs to the past, present, and future, and his atonement is world-wide in its extent. We walked with tender hearts the *Via Dolorosa*; we visited with pathetic interest the places of the cross, resurrection, ascension, and pentecost; but infinitely more sacred than these sacred spots is the truth which they symbolize. In the benefits of Christ's death on the cross, his resurrection from the grave, his ascension to heaven, and pentecost, all the nations of the earth are sharers.

When Jesus died, nothing seemed so unlikely as that his name should ever be heard a second time, and now behold his birthday causes birthdays dedicated to statesmen and generals, heroes and reformers to disappear and be forgotten just as the sun extinguishes stars by the brightness of its shining. The five millions of Romans could despise the quarter of a million human beings at Jerusalem; but this hill upon which we are permitted to worship would some day gather to itself the affection of mankind.

"In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime."

That song expresses the deepest joy and the highest glory of millions on earth and in heaven.

CHAPTER VIII.

THREE HUNDRED MILES ON HORSEBACK.

SOME of us had looked forward with more than ordinary interest to that part of our itinerary including an eighteen days' camping tour from Jerusalem to Beirut, a distance of more than three hundred miles, on horseback, through Palestine and Syria. On Monday morning, March 26, the journey was begun under circumstances most favorable. Each member of the pilgrimage was provided with an Arabian horse and an English saddle, which he had the privilege of choosing some days before. The company consisted of one hundred and twenty-nine persons—forty-nine of our party (others having gone by sea from Jaffa), one conductor, two dragomen and three assistants, four cooks and twelve waiters, fourteen horsemen and forty-four muleteers. The outfit consisted of twenty dwelling tents, two boarding tents, two luncheon tents, and two kitchens. We had seventy-nine horses, sixty-one mules, and ten donkeys.

The confusion and excitement of the beginning of the journey was indeed a novel and amusing sight. An hour's ride from the Damascus gate to the north, brought us to the summit of Mount Scopus, where we turned our horses for the last view of the Holy City. It has been suggested that every traveler should get his first view of the city from the Mount of Olives and the last view from this hilltop. It must have been from a scene like this that the sweet singer of Israel drew the beautiful and expressive simile, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even forever."

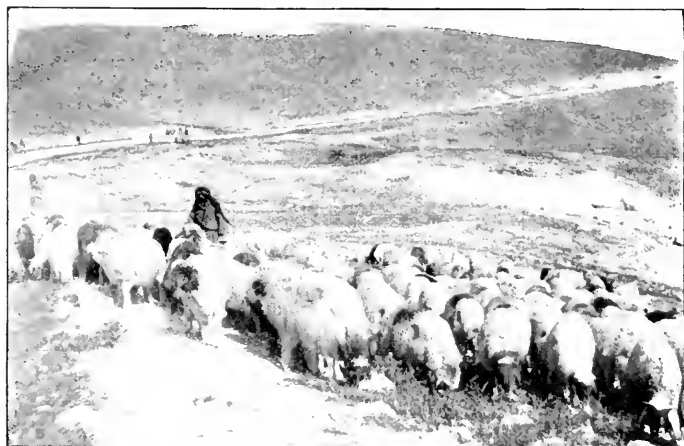
The scene is thrilling as a fulfillment of the prophecy, "I will scatter you among the heathen, and your land shall be desolate and your cities waste." So it will be with any nation that rejects God and defies his laws. How pathetic

the scene! What changes the centuries have wrought! But some things are unchanged. The things of nature are the incorruptible witnesses of the ancient events which have been the life and instruction of manhood, and one feels like crying out: Hear, O hills; give ear, O earth for the Lord of Glory and Prince of Salvation was born here. Over these hills he walked scattering flowers of holy thought and deed. He looked upon the same bright stars that we behold to-day. "The eighth Psalm is still on the night sky of Palestine." The same sun which was darkened above the cross still floods with brightness all these holy vales. These mountain summits were once familiar to him and are connected with great events in his life. And now, with tear-dimmed eyes we look for the last time upon Calvary on which the Saviour died; Olivet from which he ascended to the Father, and Zion where the Holy Ghost was given. These are the most sacred hills in all the world; toward them the longing hearts of millions have turned with devout affection through all the Christian centuries. Surely the view is worth all the toil and expense of a journey from the ends of the earth. As we reluctantly turned away, and the city faded from our view, perhaps forever, it was a joy to anticipate that some fair morning when life's pilgrimage is over we shall look upon the incomparable grandeur of the many-mansioned city of which the one we had come so far to see was, even in the days of its glory, only a faint type.

One of the chief pleasures of the forenoon was a side trip, by several of the party to the town of Ramala, where the Friends (Quaker) Church of America have a prosperous mission. Here we found the only Christian Endeavor Society in Palestine. It is composed of twenty-three members, nineteen of which are active and taking a course in Bible study following the Christian Endeavor topics. It would be difficult to find anywhere a society more proficient in Scripture quotations. A sweet little girl of eight summers repeated Matt. 11: 28-30 in English and Arabic. Under the efficient management of Mr. and Mrs. Rowntree a noble

work is being done. The mission building is a neatly equipped two-story stone structure located in a garden. It is indeed an oasis in a desert, presenting a heavenly picture in comparison with the miserable Mohammedan villages round about.

Passing Gibeah, the seat of Saul's government, and Ramah of Benjamin, and Beeroth, where the parents of Jesus once



THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK.

(Photographed near Bethlehem.)

missed him and had to go back to Jerusalem to find him, (It is necessary for us to do the same thing if we have gone away from him. He is always found at the place where we lost him), we arrived at Bethel for luncheon. The location afforded a commanding view. Conspicuous as we looked backward were Mizpeh on the west and Olivet on the east. Bethel has been distinguished as a place of altars, visions, and vows. Here Abraham built an altar unto the Lord immediately after he had been given the land. Here Jacob

had the marvelous vision of the ladder extending from earth to heaven, a type of the cross which linked heaven and earth together, and gave to the humblest follower of Christ the privilege of communion and fellowship with God. When that gifted writer who composed the hymn, "Nearer my God to thee," sat down to her task, what an imperfection would have marked her poem had she not known of Jacob's stony pillow and beautiful dream:

"Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer my God to thee."

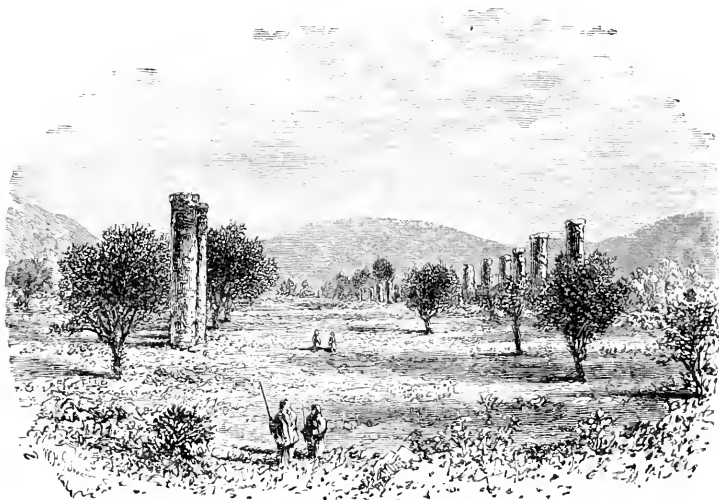
And the two following stanzas would have been wanting.

But the history of Bethel is that of blessings and curses strangely mingled. Once the house of God, under Jeroboam it became the house of idols, and was utterly destroyed by Josiah. Its present desolation is a striking comment on the prophecy that "Bethel shall come to naught."

We were very fortunate in visiting the country at the close of the rainy season, when it presents its best appearance. One of the surprises to the visitor is that there is no timber in Palestine. There are no roads between Jerusalem and Tiberias. Our way at times was over a path that would be considered quite impassable in the mountains of West Virginia. Our camp was pitched for the night on a hill near the village of Sinjil, a very pleasing location. Our tents are elegant and comfortable. It is part of the same outfit used by the German Emperor and escort in his tour of Palestine in October, 1898. The following morning we passed the ruins of Shiloh, which suggested many eventful scenes of long ago. Shiloh was a national sanctuary. Here Joshua divided the land among the tribes and set up the tabernacle. To this place Hannah came yearly with the little coat for the boy Samuel, whom God called to greatness. From this place the ark of the covenant was taken by the

Philistines and never returned, and from that time the city is seldom mentioned.

At noon of the same day we reached Jacob's well, which one visit of Christ made forever famous. After a ride of four hours under an oriental sun, we could thoroughly enjoy a drink of its refreshing water. Now we knew that we were standing in the very place where Jesus once stood, and per-



HEROD'S COLONNADE AT SAMARIA.

haps about the same hour of the day. As we bent over the old well and watched the bucket, to which a lighted candle was attached, descend seventy feet, we could appreciate the words of the woman, "Sir, the well is deep." Years ago, Andrew Bonar stood here and read the account which was of such absorbing interest, that he unconsciously let his valued Bible fall into the well. Never before did we realize half so much the preciousness of Christ's message to the woman as when we read it that day in the very place where it

was given. It was here that he first proclaimed himself the promised Messiah and offered eternal life unto all. The golden harvest-fields in the rich valley before him, Ebal and Gerizim rising in majesty behind him, and the well of sparkling water at his feet, all contributed to the beauty and strength of his style in proclaiming life to the world. Not far away is Joseph's tomb on the land given him by his father. Joseph might have had a royal burial and a pyramid for his grave, but he preferred to be buried at home, and thus gave commandment before he died. Some one has said that "there is no romance in all the annals of patriotism equal to the unburied body of Joseph waiting for centuries, and in faith for a coming grave in the land of promise."

We were informed before leaving Jerusalem that it would be necessary for us to have additional passports in order to get through the interior districts. The sheik of each tribe has been our escort through his own territory, and keeping guard over our camp at night. There is something profoundly impressive in the religious devotion of a Mohammedan. When the hour for prayer arrives, unconscious of his surroundings, he addresses his supplications to *Allah* with his face turned toward Mecca.

Our way from Jacob's well led through the vale of Shechem, between Ebal and Gerizim. It recalled one of the most vivid pictures of the Bible. Here Joshua assembled three millions of people for worship, the greatest congregation in all history. When the blessings were uttered from Gerizim a million and a half of people responded, "Amen." And when the priests turned their faces toward Ebal and uttered the curses, a million and a half of people responded, "Amen." The apostle reiterated the same truth for which these mighty pillars stand when he said, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." In the same valley Joshua delivered his farewell address to the assembled children of Israel. (Joshua 24.)

Some of our party climbed to the summit of the mountain and it is literally true that the human voice may be distinctly

heard from mountain top to mountain top. Nablus is a very well built city. We shall not soon forget the perilous ride over its smooth streets. The Moslem population of the city is recognized as among the most fanatical and superstitious in Palestine. Here is still found a company of one hundred and ninety-five of the Samaritans who continue to observe the Passover on these mountains. They refuse to intermarry and preserve very carefully their identity.

In their synagogue may yet be seen the famous Samaritan copy of the Pentateuch which is more than thirty-five hundred years old.

The country between Nablus (Shechem) and Samaria, where we camped for the night, Dean Stanley calls "the most beautiful, perhaps the only beautiful spot in central Palestine." It reminded us very much of sections of the Shenandoah Valley. The singing birds, murmuring brooks, and fields of growing grain all conspired to make it a delightful evening ride. These running brooks that once sang of him "Who sendeth rain from the heavens," still produce the same music and set all their banks throbbing with a patient, passionate profusion of blossoming.

After three days in the saddle, some of the party were so completely exhausted that they could not get on or off their horses without assistance. The ruins of Samaria indicate its former glory. The excavation of Herod's Palace at the summit of the dome-shaped hill afforded a magnificent view. As we stood on its ruins in the early morning and watched the hills and the valley stretching westward to the sea glow and tremble in the sun's early rays, it required no severe play of imagination to picture the former glory of our surroundings. But the broken columns and present desolation that mark the place where the once proud city stood is a most striking fulfillment of the prophecy, "Samaria shall become desolate, for she hath rebelled against God."

On the following day we lunched at Dothan. The very name suggests the tender story, familiar in childhood, of Joseph coming from Hebron to seek his brethren and all

that follows. Here it was that Elisha, under the most trying circumstances, said "they that be with us are more than they that be with them," and his servant "saw and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

In order to know the Holy Land and appreciate its ancient customs, it is necessary to dwell for a time in tents. The



THE PIT AT DOTHAN.

writer to the Hebrews puts into words what we all feel in our thoughtful moments that we are "strangers and pilgrims on the earth." The tents of the patriarchs are long since no more, but they, in the soul life, still are. After a long, tiresome day's journey it was a joy to reach our camp and to sing at eventide we

"Nightly pitch our moving tents
A day's march nearer home."

It will always be a delight to recall the evenings we spent together in the tents talking over the experiences of the day and uniting in praise and prayer. The third night was spent at Jenin, and was made memorable by the bark of a multitude of dogs and jackals to interrupt our slumbers. The town is sufficiently elevated to give a fine prospect of the fertile plain of Esdraelon, stretching from the Jordan to the sea, with an average width of ten miles. One can imagine what its added beauty and picturesqueness would be if dotted with groves, Pennsylvania farm-houses, and barns. From Barak to Napoleon this plain has been a battle-field. "Warriors out of every nation which is under heaven have pitched their tents on this plain, and have beheld the various banners of their nations wet with the dews of Tabor and Hermon." Yonder stand these mountains; if they could speak what a story they could tell! Nearest to us is Gilboa, and far to the north, rising in majesty above all others is snow-crowned Hermon "standing" as some one has said, "like a priest with a miter on his head keeping watch over the land that Jesus made holy." Our journey across the plain was in the direction of Jezreel, which is located on a hill still crowned with the ruins of Ahab's Watch-Tower from which long ago the warder saw "a company" and a fast-driven chariot, "like the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi, for he driveth furiously." Near by is Naboth's vineyard in which is a pool of water where a company of women were washing clothes. To the east at the base of Gilboa is Gideon's Fountain. The stream was surprisingly large and beautifully clear. It was late in the forenoon and the power of the Oriental sun made a little rest at the fountain most enjoyable. We shall especially remember it by one of the ladies' horses lying down in the center of the stream and leaving her to wade out through the cold spring water. We halted for lunch at Shunem. Words could not describe the filth and degradation of this Bedouin village. The natives were milking sheep and goats, and drinking the milk which seemed to be their only source of subsistence. While

passing along the filthy street, a hideous-looking woman yelled at my friend for *baksheesh*. Then picking up a stone she dealt him a fearful blow in the back. The country is occupied by an army of beggars that hound one every step of the way. But we cannot wonder when we are told that the Turkish government exacts a tax of more than one-half of all the products of the country. The village of Nain where the widow's son was brought back to life and the village of Endor where Saul's doom was pronounced are neither better nor worse than other villages round about.

Late in the afternoon of the fourth day's journey we climbed the hill of Nazareth and entered the town where our Lord spent more than twenty-six years of his earth life.

CHAPTER IX.

DWELLING IN TENTS.

It was a real joy to spend the day amid the sacred associations of Christ's old home. Nazareth is a household word wherever the gospel has been preached, not because of any special charm of its own, but because upon this hill and under this sky the Saviour of the world lived and toiled for nearly thirty years. The traditional residence of Joseph and Mary is enclosed by the "Church of the Annunciation." Upon the marble altar in the "Chapel of the Angels" is the impressive inscription, "Here the Word was made flesh." The chapel contains an excellent painting of the crucifixion, and other scenes illustrative of the childhood of Christ. Adjoining is the "Chapel of Joseph," from which place we ascended a dark stairway leading to the "Kitchen of the Virgin." It is simply a cave cut in a rock. Our dragoman pointed to an opening in the ceiling as being the chimney. Several antique pieces of furniture gave it the appearance of a kitchen. While this traditional location may be questioned, the fact remains that Nazareth was the home of Jesus until he entered upon his public ministry.

A strange interest invests the site of the synagogue where, after his baptism and temptation, he was rejected. A building overlooking an awful precipice, about two miles south of the town, tells the sad story of the treatment he received from those whom he had a right to claim as his closest friends. (Luke 4:29-31.) He then moved his residence to Capernaum, and it does not appear that he ever again visited the scene of his boyhood and early manhood. We were very happy to learn that Christ has many followers in Nazareth to-day. An hour spent in the Miss Dickson School was a great inspiration. Never have we found among the children of the same age in any Sunday school a better knowledge

of the New Testament. As we listened while seventy bright-faced girls, some of them with peculiarly sweet voices, sang:

“Jesus, Saviour, dwell within us,
Make a temple of each heart.
Pure and loving, true and holy,
For thy service set apart,”

we could but believe that our Lord would yet be welcomed in his old home.



RUINS OF THE CARPENTER SHOP AT NAZARETH.

Later in the afternoon, we had a delightful hour on the mountain top west of the town. The view, which is usually spoken of as the most extensive and charming in Palestine, burst upon us in a glory that we had scarcely dreamed of. To the west is Mount Carmel, lying immediately, it would appear, upon the ocean. On the one side is the Mediterranean, stretching in dazzling beauty toward the sunset, and on the other side is the beautiful Bay of Akka. From the little white city of Haifa, on the bay, the Galilean moun-

tains stretch to the north, increasing in altitude until they culminate in kingly snow-crowned Hermon. On the east are Tabor, Little Hermon, Gilboa, and further away, beyond the Jordan, are the dreamy, ashen-colored mountains of Gilead and Moab. Lying to the south are the fertile plains of Jezreel and Esdraelon, beyond which are the hills of Samaria. At our feet, in the center of this panorama that words cannot picture, in amphitheater shape, is the town of Nazareth, the earth-home of Jesus. Surely the surroundings are as much in harmony with the sublimity of his life as nature could provide. Renan, in his "Life of Jesus," says that no place in the world was so well adapted to "dreams of absolute happiness." Christ's love of nature is shown by its frequent use in his teaching. He doubtless often studied and admired this picture. Every place the eye rests is laden with the memories of Joshua, Deborah, Gideon, David, Jonathan, Elijah, and others who wrought nobly in their day and generation.

The "Virgin's Fountain," at the base of the hill, has a sacredness of its own, because one feels that, above all other places, Jesus must often have been there. It has always been the principal watering-place of the city, and at all hours of the day women and children may be seen coming to, and going from the fountain bearing the water in earthen jars upon their heads to different parts of the city. The women of Nazareth, as well as Bethlehem, are noted for their superior beauty.

A wedding ceremony was in progress in the town. The old customs are strictly adhered to. The ceremonies connected with the reception given to the bridegroom extend over a period of ten days. The groom was mounted upon a white horse, following a company of a hundred men who were dancing, yelling, and burning incense. He was followed by a mob of men, women, and children. We are told that at the close of the ceremony the groom is expected to go at night and steal his bride. The young woman, according to custom, goes through the sham procedure of attempting to

escape. The young men regard the "chasing of a dear" as great sport.

On Saturday, March 31, we completed the journey to the Sea of Galilee. Our first stop was at Cana where our Lord performed his first miracle. After luncheon some of us



WOMAN WITH THE WATER POT.

hastened to the Mount of Beatitudes, which involved an additional ride of several miles. The mountain side was profusely covered with a rich variety of flowers of the most delicate coloring. May it not be that because the land is so old, and so dear, containing the resting places of the best men and women of history, of whom it was said that "the

world was not worthy," that nature is lovingly covering the land with flowers as we delight to cover the grave of a friend with carefully selected boquets as a "token of our love." These angels of the grass have had an important ministry in all the ages. Far back in sacred history they



THE HORSE THAT CARRIED THE AUTHOR THROUGH
PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

(Photographed on the Mount of Beatitudes.)

were honored as an illustration of the brevity of human life, "He cometh forth as a flower and is cut down." In setting forth the Father's tender care for his children, the great Teacher said, "Consider the lilies." They toil not and spin not, yet are more excellently arrayed than Solomon in all his glory.

No one can stand upon this mountain, where it is believed Christ preached that immortal sermon to all future generations of men, without being impressed with the natural advantages for such an occasion. The two elevations of the summit, known as the "Horns of Hattin," are sufficiently near together, that, standing on the higher to the east, the speaker could, without great effort, reach the ear of the multitudes assembled on the lower to the west.

Many times during the eight years in which the writer had the privilege of sitting at the feet of Bishop Weaver, while serving as pastor of his home congregation, the Bishop said: "When you have trouble in selecting a text, just turn to the Sermon on the Mount. There you will find themes equal to everlasting demands."

Here we had our first view of the lake that Jesus loved so much, and that is so intimately associated with his earth life.

"I tread where the Twelve in their wayfaring trod;
I stand where they stood with the Chosen of God,
Where his blessing was heard and his lessons were taught,
Where the blind was restored and the healing was wrought.

We camped during the Sabbath on the shore of Galilee. Notwithstanding the oppressive heat, the day was one of mountain-top privilege. Here the active ministry of our Lord was begun. By this lake he healed the sick and fed the multitudes with the few loaves and fishes. Here he smote the whirlwinds into silence, and made the waves of the sea lie down; and opened the doors of light into the midnight of those who had been born blind; and turned deaf ears into galleries of music; and with one touch made the scabs of incurable leprosy fall off; and renewed healthy circulation through severest paralysis; and made the dead girl waken and ask for her mother. Here he preached many of his greatest sermons, and, indeed, the very air still seems full of the echo of his words. Apart from these tender associations, the lake has no special attractions. Of the four millions of people that once inhabited these shores, only the

little village of Tiberias remains. The services, both morning and evening, were exceedingly interesting, and we shall always carry with us the most pleasant recollections of the day spent on the shores of Galilee.

Monday morning we had the pleasure of a boat ride to the ruins of ancient Capernaum, at which point we mounted our horses and continued the journey northward. The hills of Gemmesaret would be considered fine grass-lands. They



FAMILIAR SCENE IN PALESTINE.

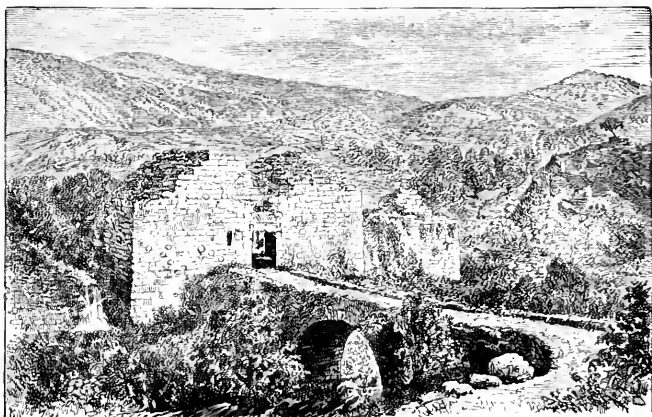
were dotted with flocks of sheep and goats. In the rich plain leading down to the waters of Merom is one of the most flourishing Jewish colonies. They have greatly beautified the plain by planting hedge-fences and orchards.

The following day we crossed the lower sources of the Jordan, lunching at Dan, and camping at Caesarea Philippi, where we found the finest camping-grounds in all the journey. The traveler would not fail to speak of its beautiful situation, its excellent water, olive groves, and splendid view of the distant plain. Here Peter said, "Thou art the Christ," which was followed by the wonderful prophecy concerning

the church. We are now standing upon the northern boundary of our Lord's ministry. There is no record that he ever went south of Jerusalem or north of Caesarea Philippi. Probably upon one of the slopes of Hermon near by, the transfiguration took place, and a conference was called composed of representatives of three dispensations, and of two worlds, the theme of which was, "The decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem." The following day, we crossed the slopes of this monarch of mountains, reaching an altitude near the snow-line. Here we turned our horses for the last view of the Holy Land, the tour of which has made the Bible a new book. One cannot fail to be impressed that the land was made for the events with which it is connected. A gentleman who had been very skeptical, said to one of my friends, "I might as well deny the land as to deny the book that gives a history of it so accurately."

Modern research has illustrated the universality of the land which has produced the universal religion and the universal Book. Dr. Gregg in his excellent little book, speaks of Palestine as the "world in a nutshell." Here "the geologist finds all the rock formations of the earth, and all of the geologic periods and ages. All the zones are here, and all the climes of earth. Mount Hermon is ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the Jordan basin is one thousand three hundred feet below the level of the sea; and between the tepid waters of the salt sea and the perpetual snows of Mount Hermon, which never lifts its white cap from its brow, you have packed all zones and climates, from the frigid belt to the tropical equator, and also all the flora and fauna of the earth. You have, too, on its wonderful surface all the life that belongs to all zones . . . Accordingly the illustrations drawn from nature with which the Bible abounds are suited to all climes and are understood by all men. The Hollander and the Hottentot, the Englishman and the Egyptian, the American and the African, the Italian and the Iclander are all at home amid its imagery." The same author profoundly says, "before you can obliterate the story

of Jesus Christ from this earth on which he so sublimely lived, you will have to grind out of sight and forever erase these sacred hills of Palestine, where he was tempted, and where he preached his wonderful sermon, and where he was transfigured, and where he died and where he ascended." Farewell, land of Judea, Samaria, and Galilee; these eyes may never again gaze upon thy mountains, plains, and cities,



SOUTHERN GATE OF CAESAREA PHILIPPI.

but enshrined in my heart of hearts, my thoughts shall be of thee until I shall behold the city with gates of pearl and streets of gold.

“Thou land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng,
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.”

During the afternoon our glasses clearly revealed the city of Damascus, forty miles in the distance. It is described from this point by some one as “a diamond set in the dark green of fruitful gardens.” We camped in the valley near the traditional grave of Nimrod and reached the city about four o’clock the following day.

CHAPTER X.

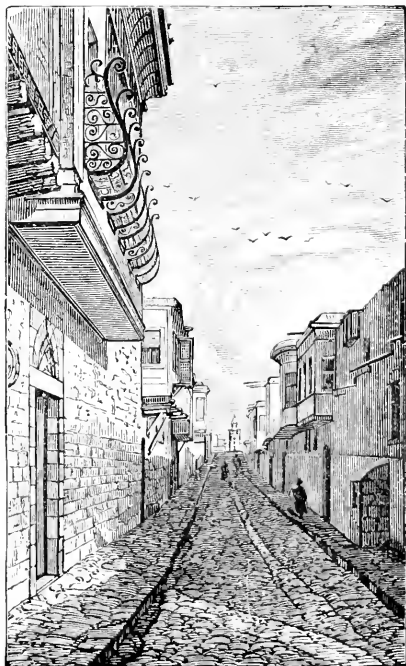
SYRIA FROM THE SADDLE.

It was our privilege to spend three days in Damascus, which remains the true type of an Oriental city. The place is noted for its great antiquity, astonishing vitality, and superior beauty. Its existence dates beyond the days of Abraham, for his servant Eliezer came from there. A cherished tradition says that Damascus occupies the location of the Garden of Eden, and that Adam was formed of clay taken from the banks of its historic river Abana. In the anti-Lebanon mountains, overlooking the city from the west, its inhabitants point out the graves of Adam, Abel, Seth, and Noah.

Other cities of the Orient are in ruins, but Damascus, despite the horrors of pillage and conflagration to which it has been subjected, has lived through the centuries and maintained its proud position as the "head of Syria" (Isa. 7:8). Lamartine termed it "a predestinated capital." The praise of its beauty has been celebrated by visitors from earliest history. It is related of the boy Mohammed, that while yet a poor camel-driver, catching the first view of Damascus from the hilltop, he paused, and, after gazing for a time upon its entrancing beauty, turned away without entering it, exclaiming, "Man can have but one paradise, and my paradise is fixed above."

Five miles south of the city, an appropriate building marks the traditional place of the turning-point in the life of the greatest man in all the history of the church. (Acts 22:6-10.) Here we were served with luncheon about the same hour of the day. Just before us, surrounded by the gray desert, the white domes, minarets, and towers of the old city seemed to rise out of a wilderness of vari-tinted green, combining in a picture of superb beauty.

But Damascus appears to its best advantage from a distance. True, it contains some fine specimens of art and Oriental splendor; its trees, flowers, fountains, and beautiful Abana delight the visitor; but its buildings in the main are



THE STREET THAT IS CALLED STRAIGHT.

of the rudest type, and its narrow, crooked, dirty streets are literally packed with dogs (each one having the appearance of a scoundrel), donkeys, camels, and a swarthy mass of humanity. The bazaars, however, are very pretty and extensive. It is said that in them the traveler may purchase anything he may desire, from a shoe-latchet to a camel, but

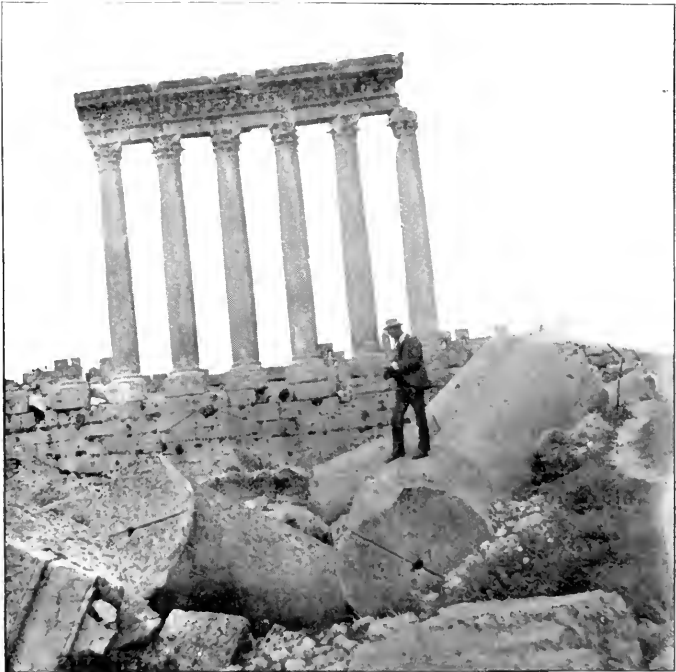
the principal trade is in rugs, which are of a peculiarly fine quality. In his words addressed to Tyre, the seaport of Damascus, the prophet makes a remarkable reference to its mercantile greatness in early history. (Ezek. 27:16-18.)

The largest, and in some respects, the most interesting building in the city is the great mosque. It is centrally located and exhibits three distinct types of architecture. Until recent years visitors were not permitted to enter it. A drive through the Christian section of the city brought to mind the horrors of that fatal ninth of July, 1860, when six thousand men met an awful death at the hands of the fiendish Moslem. Other places of interest visited were the traditional houses of Ananias, Judas, and Naaman, the latter having been appropriately converted into a hospital for lepers. We were also shown the window in the wall through which Paul was let down in a basket. Part of the street, called Straight, where Ananias was sent to inquire for Saul, forms one of the most interesting bazaars, and is one of the best in the city.

Sunday morning we attended services at the Presbyterian Church and listened to a most inspiring sermon. The gospel seemed to have added sweetness in this center of moral darkness where so recently the soil has been stained with the blood of martyrs.

The following day we pursued our journey northward to Baalbec, which is one of the most celebrated and interesting places to the traveler in Syria. We shall not soon forget our first sight of the ruins of the great temple in the mellow light of that April evening, as we descended from snow-crowned Lebanon. There is no written record concerning the city earlier than the third or fourth century of our era. Its inscriptions, however, bear testimony to its very remote antiquity. It is doubtless the Heliopolis of Greek and Roman literature. Here are the ruins of the once most renowned heathen temple in the world. The six huge columns remaining are sixty feet in height and seven feet in diameter, having beautifully carved Corinthian capitals; these are in three sections and seventeen feet thick. The six

columns formed part of the peristyle, which had eighteen on each side and ten at each end. It was a temple of columns of surpassing magnificence. Near by stood the temples of Venus and Jupiter. These are of Roman origin, and were



THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN.

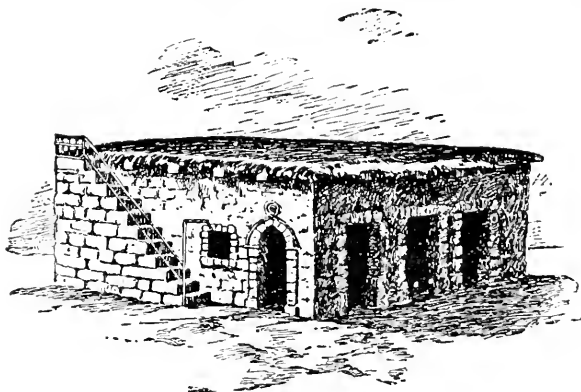
devoted for a time to the worship of the sun and stars but when Constantine became a Christian he ceased building temples to idols here, and used the great stones he had quarried in building a basilica for the Master.

Many of these massive columns are granite, and must have

been brought from Assuan, Egypt. Just how they were conveyed is a question that perhaps never will be answered. The substructure of the great temple is part of the ancient "Temple of the Sun." Round about these hills are forty such temples, though inferior in size. The name and location would indicate that they were all connected with the worship of the sun. It is a question as to who built these temples. It was the custom of conquerors to erase the inscriptions of the conquered from their works of art. An inscription found above the lintel of a door recently excavated, and other results of modern research have led the best scholars of to-day to believe that Baalbec was built by the Hittites and not by the Assyrians. They also hold that the Greeks got their architecture from the Hittites and not from the Phœnicians. Be that as it may, the builders of Baalbec were master-builders, and must have had unlimited human labor at their command. The walls were built without mortar, and the joints are so perfect that they would not admit a knife-blade or a sheet of paper. There are in the wall, twenty feet above the ground, three stones each sixty-four feet long and thirteen feet square. *How were they placed there?*

Here was the center of Baal worship, whence it spread to the neighboring countries, and when Ahab married Jezebel, the daughter of the king of Sidon, the worship of Baal almost supplanted that of Jehovah. The life and death struggle between the two religions culminated on Mount Carmel, when Elijah met the nation of Israel with the following indictment: "How long halt ye between two opinions? If Baal be God, follow him; but if Jehovah be God, follow him." It was a fitting place to decide the great question. Says Dr. Robinson: "As they looked westward they could see the Mediterranean dotted with the merchant ships of Tyre and Sidon, the great strongholds of Baal. As they looked eastward and southward they could see the mountains and villages of Israel, around which were a thousand hallowed associations and memories of the marvelous power

and loving kindness of Jehovah, the God of their fathers. Two maps were enrolled at their feet—on the one side the map of the kingdom of Baal and on the other side the map of the kingdom of Jehovah.” The test was made and when the prophets’ faith was so grandly crowned, “The people felt that the good old days of the fathers had come back to their nation and as one man they lifted up their voices and cried, *‘Jehovah, He is God!’ Jehovah, He is God!’* The doom of the false religion was sealed, and the hand of God wrote



ORIENTAL HOUSE.

upon its temples, “Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting.”

Before leaving Baalbec we had the privilege of visiting the British mission, which is doing a noble work in this difficult yet hopeful field. Here we also had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. Drs. Jessup and Hoskins of the Presbyterian missions, who favored us with addresses in the evening.

During the following afternoon, on our journey down the historic Lebanon Valley, we turned aside to visit the Christian city of Zahleh, with a population of twenty thousand.

On a commanding elevation, overlooking the entire city, is the residence of the Presbyterian missionaries. We shall always recall with pleasure the hour spent in this home and the royal reception given us by the Rev. Dr. J. E. Hoskins, his noble wife, and three sweet little children, Jeannette, Clara, and Harold. It was a little touch of home life that will abide in memory, and always bind our hearts to the interests of these devoted servants of our Lord.

An hour's ride brought us back into the valley to our tents, where we spent the last night of the camping tour of three hundred miles. The occasion was celebrated with games, songs, and speeches around one of the most brilliant camp-fires of the journey. A thirty-mile ride across Mount Lebanon, the following day, brought us to Beirut. With some of us the day will especially be remembered by an incident occurring near the summit of the mountain. While trying the speed of our horses we ran into a caravan of camels. The horse of my good friend, Dr. J. W. Smith, was thrown over the bank, and horse and preacher went rolling down the mountain. The scene chilled the blood, but we were very happy to find that he was not seriously injured, which seemed nothing short of a miracle.

Sacred history records many interesting and beautiful references to Lebanon. It was always to the Hebrews the emblem of wealth, majesty, and glory. This goodly mountain, it is said, Moses desired to see. But few of its ancient ornaments, the cedar, remain, and these are more than five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Descending from the west we had a charming view of the white city of Beirut, situated on a promontory reaching three miles out into the sea. The writer became much attached to the beautiful Arabian horse that carried him so far in safety. We also found that strong attachments had been formed between the party and our chief dragomen, John Tamari and Andrew Issa, both of Jaffa, whom we take pleasure in recommending to our friends who anticipate visiting the Holy Land.

Beirut is especially noted for its schools. It has been for

fifty years the headquarters of the noble missionary work of the Presbyterian Church in Palestine and Syria. Here sleeps the body of Pliny Fisk, the first Protestant missionary to Palestine in 1820. Here are also the graves of Drs. Smith and Van Dyck, who translated the Bible into the Arabic, which has since gone into the hands of fifty millions of people who speak the language from Morocco to India. It was a privilege to spend a little time with one of my friends in the historic room where the work was done. The forty stations of this church in Syria and Palestine are the germs of a great future. They are regenerating influences that will by and by make this again the Holy Land. The Syrian Protestant College is a great lighthouse sending its rays into Egypt, Asia Minor, Greece, Syria, and the thousand islands of the Mediterranean. There are four hundred students in the college. The venerable Dr. Daniel Bliss is a typical American and a fine specimen of a college president.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM BEIRUT TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

ON our last evening in Beirut, we were honored with a reception given under the auspices of the Christian Endeavorers of the city. The program consisted of refreshments, music, and addresses, and was most enjoyable, affording a picture of the Orient of the future, when the people shall turn from the false prophet to the one and only Saviour of men. The society was organized in April of last year with twenty members, and is the only Young People's Society in Syria. It was indeed a social feast and a happy climax to two delightful days spent in this "Oxford of the East."

Saturday evening, April 14, we boarded the Austrian steamer *Thalia*, bound for the capital of the Ottoman Empire. It was a joy to know that we were now facing toward home. The trip included four red-letter days, which will be recalled as among the happiest of the pilgrimage. The classic interest and enchanting beauty of the Aegean, Hellespont, Marmora, and Bosphorus have been celebrated in all history.

At 5:30 p.m. we left the quiet harbor of the old Phœnician city, and as the crimson glory of the setting sun faded from the western sky, the curtains of the night gently closed, perhaps forever, our view of the land we had longed to see. But the memory of those sacred scenes will not vanish as a dream, nor fade like the day. We have been deeply impressed with the marvelous harmony between the land and the Book, by the way in which all the conditions needful to the confirmation of the Bible story have been met, and shall preach the everlasting gospel with a stronger faith and a firmer confidence in the truth of God's Word.

Easter morning dawned beautiful and bright, and was as much in harmony with the glorious event it commemorates

as one could imagine. The services of the day consisted of a sermon in the morning, Bible reading in the afternoon, and Christian Endeavor in the evening.

During the forenoon we passed the island of Cyprus, which has a place in sacred history. While it was first visited for missionary purposes by Barnabus and Paul (Acts 13:4), there were Christians here before Stephen's martyrdom. During the persecutions which followed some of them returned preaching the gospel. (Acts 11:19, 20.) Since 1571 the island has been in the possession of the Turks, though by a treaty of 1878 Great Britain administers and holds it as a place of arms. The following morning, April 16, we awoke to find our steamer anchored in the quiet harbor of Rhodes, which has been famed for its Colossus. The pillars of the great arch and lighthouse, said to have been one hundred and five feet high, still remain. We were given two hours for sight-seeing in the city. The island, forty-five miles long and eight miles wide, is fairly well timbered, and is especially remarkable for its orange and citron groves. The ship in which Paul sailed to Palestine at least touched at Rhodes (Acts 21:1), which was then a splendid city.

Late in the afternoon we were permitted to look upon the rugged isle of Patmos, a household word wherever the gospel is preached. Here John was banished "for the word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ," and was permitted to enter within the veil that divides the seen from the unseen, and bring back to the world the thrilling picture of the celestial city, the future home of the righteous, where there is life as pure and sweet as God can make it. The highest summit of the island, which is fifteen miles in circumference, is crowned with the imposing Castle of St. John.

Tuesday morning we witnessed a beautiful sunrise from the bay of Smyrna. The city, seen from the sea, rising tier above tier on the hillside, is strikingly picturesque. It has preserved an unbroken identity of name from its earliest history, and has a present population of nearly a quarter of a million. Charles Dudley Warner thus sums up its anomalous

lous character: "One of the most ancient cities of the globe, it has no appearance of antiquity; containing all nationalities, it has no nationality; the second commercial city of the East, it has no chamber of commerce, no bourse, no commercial unity; its citizens are of no country, and have no impulse of patriotism; it is an Asiatic city, with a European face; it produces nothing, it exchanges everything; the children of the East are sent to its schools, but it has no literary character, nor any influence of culture; it is hospitable to all religions, and conspicuous for none; it is the paradise of the Turks, the home of luxury and beautiful women." Smyrna was the second of the seven churches addressed by John. (Rev. 2: 8-11.) To this church he said, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." Here Polycarp, the first bishop, was martyred, A. D. 169. We visited his traditional grave and plucked some twigs from the cyprus-tree overshadowing it. Smyrna is one of the seven cities claiming the birthplace of Homer. Here we spent a day, half of which was taken by twenty-three of the party for an excursion to Ephesus, forty-eight miles distant. The trip was made to Ayasalouk by rail, from which point the ruins were visited on horseback. Mr. T. J. Wood has done much to unearth this crumbled, buried city. The splendid magnitude of the marble heaps argues the beauty of that once peerless temple of Diana. Of the numerous ruins the party was impressed most of all with the amphitheater, built in the niche of Mt. Coressus. The outlines are still quite distinct. We are told that it had a seating capacity of over twenty-four thousand. Members of the party stood at various places in the building and could with ease hear words spoken by others from the stage, showing that the acoustic properties were quite perfect. Adjoining was the building pointed out as the one in which the wild beasts had been confined, all suggesting many of the sayings of the great apostle. Here where these ruins lie, Paul one lived and labored; on these sculptured blocks of marble he once looked. What silent witnesses are these stones!

They speak of another civilization and of wonderful changes wrought in the history of thirty centuries.

At 4:30 P.M. we were again on board the steamer moving northward, and talking over the experiences of the day. Early the following morning we reached the Dardanelles, the ancient Hellespont, which connects the Aegean and Marmora seas. The straits are thirty-three miles in length, with an average width of two miles. The place is replete with classic reminiscences. To the right, stretching forty miles toward the sunrise, are the plains of Troy, and not far away are the ruins of the old city. At Nazara Point the mightiest army that ever tramped the earth, commanded by Xerxes, crossed into Europe. It is also famous from the story of Hero and Leander. The name of Lord Byron is connected with its history, and the *tekkeh* in which he resided still exists. The shores of Asia and Europe gradually approach each other until the narrowest point is reached at the "Castles of the Dardanelles," which carefully guard the way to the Marmora and Black seas. One is impressed while passing between these forts, from which scores of powerful guns cover the narrows, that it would require a formidable fleet and land force combined to press an entrance to the harbor of the "Sultan's Paradise," which lies like a bridge more beautiful and secure than human skill and hand could construct, uniting the Orient and the Occident. The morning was ideal; all nature combined in making the day a succession of delights. While the air was balmy, it was too gentle to ripple the glassy smoothness of the Marmora. About two o'clock in the afternoon, in the hazy distance, the glittering city of Constantinople came into view. Far to the south loomed snow-crowned Olympus, like a pillar of cloud against the horizon. In front of us is the Bosphorus, lined with its marble palaces. To the south, on the coast of Asia, commanding a magnificent view of the sea, is the city of Soutari. To the north, on the European side are the cities of Stamboul, Galita, and Pera, celebrated for their mosques, with minarets that appear like shafts

of polished ivory piercing the blue sky. This enchanting picture of the city from the sea, to which language does imperfect justice, will be of life-long interest. Some one has said that "if there be one city in the world whose sight combines in absolute perfection, beauty and utility, and which, while radiant with loveliness, holds the most enviable location on the globe, it is beyond a doubt Constantinople." Soon we were taken ashore, and after a short delay in the custom-house were driven to Hotels Londres and Bristol where we were comfortably homed for three days.

CHAPTER XII.

CONSTANTINOPLE. ATHENS. NAPLES.

CONSTANTINOPLE, like the "Eternal City," is builded upon seven hills, but is unique in having these cluster about the threshold of two great continents, constituting the dividing line between the East and West. The city was founded in 658 B. C., and the present population is about nine hundred thousand. Its situation can best be appreciated from the famous Byzantine tower, to which we made our first visit after reaching the city. This observatory, which long ago was called "The Tower of Christ," presents a vision of beauty that words cannot describe. Here the generosity of nature and splendid works of art combine with the wonderful occurrences and strange legends of the old city's checkered history in exciting the fancy of the traveler. Stamboul is separated from Galita and Pera by the "Golden Horn." This glittering arm of the sea, upon which we were favored with an afternoon excursion, is six miles long, and four hundred and ninety yards wide, forming one of the most secure and capacious harbors of the world. Scutari, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, rises in magnificent outline, with a mountain background eight hundred and fifty feet high. Here Constantine the Great won the victory which made him sole master of the Roman Empire. It was also the scene of the beautiful, sublime self-forgetfulness of Florence Nightingale, who, like an angel of mercy, turned away from home and friends, and here ministered to the wounded and dying British soldiers brought down from Crimea, until one cannot help feeling that she fairly earned a martyr's crown.

The "Royal Palace" is situated on the heights above the European shore of the Bosphorus, commanding a superb view of the Black Sea, Marmora, and entrance to the harbor. Within this enclosure of gardens and lakes, familiarly known

as the "Sultau's Paradise," the present heartless ruler spends all of his time, except on Friday, when he is escorted with great pomp to the palace of prayer. Friday, April 20, we secured permission through the American consul, Mr. Hayes, to witness this curious event, which visitors regard as a principal part of their program while in the city. Our position afforded an excellent view of the famous avenue leading from the palace to the mosque. The appearance of the royal carriage was preceeded by a splendid military display. Following the strains of music, ten thousand soldiers lined up on each side of the avenue four columns deep. Just outside the church-yard gate, as if to conceal from the view of the dastardly monarch that part of the city known as Pera, where a few short years ago, at his own instigation, six thousand Christians were mercilessly put to death, were five hundred elegantly-uniformed soldiers mounted upon white horses. Crimson banners, decorated with the crescent, were displayed by the hundreds, making the scene one of novel and thrilling interest. At high noon the caller to prayer from his lofty position on the marble minaret chanted out upon the air the sacred formula,

"Allah hu Akbar
La illa illa Allah;
Siadnâh Mohammed Rasoul Allah;
Hayâh Allâh Il Sâlah,
Hoyâ Allâh Il Fâllah."

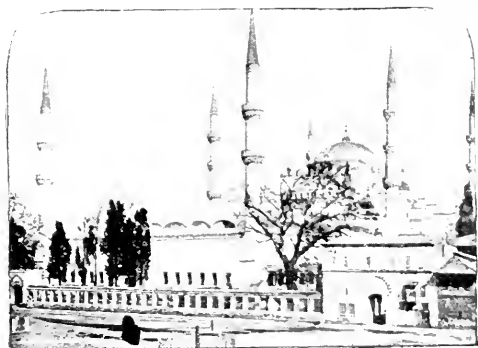
Which being interpreted, is:

"God is great.
There is but one God.
Our lord, Mohammed, is his prophet.
Come to prayers!
Attend to your devotions."

Then the royal carriage made its appearance drawn by fiery steeds, and followed by the leading men of state, who were almost breathless when they reached the mosque. Such an exhibition of absolute monarchy and abject servitude is most disgusting to an American. Never before

have we felt a more genuine appreciation of our own "sweet land of liberty," which exalts manhood and ennobles womanhood.

The mosques of the city are of great beauty, being composed of pure white marble. The most important of these is St. Sophia, which ranks, perhaps, as the finest example of Byzantine style. On entering the bronze gate over which was originally a copy of the four Gospels, one cannot fail to be impressed by the bold span of the arches, and the still bolder sweep of the dome, while the eye is at once bewildered and charmed by the decorations, rich with mosaic of the purest and most refined style. It is said that the plan is of



MOSQUE OF AHMED.

divine origin, having been divulged to the emperor in the year 502 by an angel from heaven. Much superstition is connected with it. A favorite tradition is that the church is haunted every Easter eve by a chorus of angels, many testifying that they have heard the angelic chorus perform. In 1453, when the city was captured by the Turks, the church was converted into a mosque, and the sacred decorations were covered with paint. In dim outlines may yet be seen figures of the cross upon the ceiling, also pictures of the virgin, St. John, and Christ in the act of benediction. To

add to the splendor of this magnificent structure the temples of the gods at Baalbec, Heliopolis, Ephesus, and Athens were plundered of their richest columns.

Other places of interest are the bazaars, hippodrome, and the Imperial Museum of Antiquities. One of the most interesting relics it contains is the sarcophagus of Alexander the Great, which was discovered in Sidon. The scene of the battle in which the famous general was victorious is illustrated in a carving on its side that is simply marvelous in its effect. The city is also noted for its elegant stores of modern style. But these sections representing European civilization are contrasted with degeneracy, barbarism, and ignorance in other sections that cannot be surpassed in the Orient. Surely the old city comprehends all the ranges from an earthly paradise to a gehenna. The streets are lined with hungry, filthy dogs, that seem to have the right of way and everything else must go around them or over them. It is possible to stop on many of the streets and count fifty of these animals within a radius of a hundred feet. They are the scavengers of the city. They eat up the garbage which is thrown into the streets. When some one inquired why they did not employ men as scavengers, the reply was that "dogs did the work much cheaper."

Among the enjoyable features of our itinerary was an excursion to the Black Sea. Indeed, it would be difficult to imagine anything more beautiful and interesting than the scenery along the Bosphorus, where the opposite banks of Europe and Asia for fifteen miles "coquettishly advance toward each other and then retreat in a delightful series of undulating wooded hills."

Saturday morning, April 21, we sailed out of the peaceful harbor on the Austrian steamer *Eutropa*, bound for Athens. Late in the evening we must have crossed Paul's track on his first visit to Europe, carrying in his brave heart the embryo future of a new Christian world.

In the mellow afternoon of the Lord's day we reached the Athenian harbor at Piræus. At this point a charming view

of the city is obtained, with the imposing Acropolis in the center, reminding the visitor that he is now standing on the threshold of one of the most interesting countries of the world.

A six-mile drive brought us to our hotel in the central part of the city. Athens has a population of over a hundred thousand and is the most handsome and regularly-built city we have seen since leaving America. Its modern structures, of costliest materials, with its ruined shrines and splendid memorials of the past, compose an impressive blending of the old and new.

Our first excursion was a drive of twelve miles over the "Sacred Way" to the ruins of Eleusis. Midway, beyond the hill of Gallius, we halted for a time at the old coavent of St. Elias, occupying the site of the ancient temple of Apollo. Then skirting the crystal waters of the sacred Bay of Eleusis, another hour brought us to the ruins of the old temple, some of which have been recently excavated. The hills round about contain evidences of the buildings of many ages and periods. To this temple of "Sirus" or "mystery" came the royal procession once a year on its strange mission to commune with "the Unknown." "Its mysteries," said Plutarch, "had in them something of a soul divine."

No place is so attractive to the visitor in Athens as the magnificent Acropolis with its temples and statues rising four hundred feet above the town. The Parthenon, which is the most perfect monument of ancient art, and even matchless in its ruins, was originally connected with the city by a marble stairway sixty-two feet wide. In 1670 a bomb from the batteries of Morosini struck a gunpowder magazine of the Turks within the temple, and instantly, "with one wild roar, as though nature itself were shrieking at the sacrilege," its matchless beauty was largely destroyed. The ethereal blue sky through these columns of Pentelic marble presents a scene of rarest beauty. Near by is the Temple of Athene, with its exquisite reliefs, once containing the Greek gods grouped in sculptured figures symbolizing the union of im-

mortals to guard the Athenian state. The genuine love for the beautiful is everywhere manifested. Beauty with the Greeks was not mere sentiment, but another name for perfection.

Upon this favored spot nature has bountifully lavished her gifts. The hill of the Pnyx is termed by Sir Frederick Leighton and Sir Henry Thompson "the finest view in the world." On the east is Hymettus, at the base of which, stretching southward to the Aegean Sea, are the "Elysian



THE PARTHENON.

fields." Not far away is the island of Salamis, with its historic battle-field, and farther toward the sunset may be seen the dim outlines of the mountain of Corinth. On the west are the plains of Attica. To the north are the mountains of Parnes and Pentelicus, and beyond are the plains of Marathon. These scenes work upon the imagination with a subtle charm. What a mighty part Athens has played upon the stage of history through such men as Socrates, Plato, Pericles, Aristotle, Demosthenes, Phidias, and Xenophon! A noted Christian scholar has recently said that "Greek culture is the left arm of God, visibly let down into

history, just as Christian culture is the right arm of God visibly let down into history."

The Temple of Theseus, so well preserved; the Theater of Dionysius, in which the masterpieces of the artists first excited delight and admiration; the Arch of Hadrian, leading to the massive Temple of Zeus, are all of special interest, and "as full of historic presences as the mellow day is full of sunlight." Modern Athens can boast of its Royal Palace, its splendidly-equipped university, and museums.

An afternoon was spent at the Stadion, where we had the pleasure of witnessing a drill by five hundred students, which was exceedingly interesting and entertaining. Here we also had the pleasure of seeing King George and the royal family. At the close of the exercises our party arose, and, displaying the Greek and American flags, gave three cheers for King George, three cheers for Greece, and three cheers for America. The king arose and bowed appreciatively, after which the very heavens seemed to be vocal with the applause of the great audience of twenty thousand people.

We shall always have the most happy recollections of a drive to the site of Plato's Academy. The surrounding labyrinth of foliage may yet bear something of resemblance to the one of the times when the distinguished teacher taught his select students while walking in the groves. The chief pleasure of our last evening in Athens was that of witnessing the sunset from the Acropolis. A Turner could not paint the emblazoned glory that enveloped the hills of sacred Eleusis, and the delicate tinges that played upon the far-away mountains as the light of the day died out from the skies. In the twilight we stood again on "the Hill of Mars." No one can look upon these scenes without profound emotion. For the moment we tried to summon the multitudes, and hear Paul address them. But the faded memorials of the past on every side, in their lonely silence, seemed to mock our efforts, and we turned sadly away. Friday, April 27, we left on a Greek steamer for Italy, passing through the Bay of Corinth in the afternoon of the same day. We were favored with an excel-

lent view of the ruins of the ancient city. Here the great Paul labored for eighteen months. The church he established, to which he subsequently wrote two letters, grew into great prominence. In the second century its bishop possessed great influence in the church at large. As we proceeded toward the Ionian sea, on either side of the bay were majestic mountains veiled in a soft lavender haze, while their tops were crowned with glittering snow. Late in the evening our steamer was anchored for two hours at Petros. The following day at noon we reached Corfu. Preceding us into the little harbor was the elegant private steamer of King George. The mission of the royal family was to receive Prince Henry of the German fleet, who was expected to arrive the same day. Seen from the bay the city of Corfu with its twenty-five thousand inhabitants, is very romantic in appearance. Napoleon pronounced its climate to be the loveliest in the world. Early the following morning we reached Brindisi. This, we are reminded, is the termination of the Appian Way. Here Virgil died. Here Cæsar once endeavored to shut up Pompey's fleet in this land-locked harbor. After a little rest and a European breakfast we boarded a train for Naples, arriving at four o'clock in the afternoon. The celebrated scenery of southern Italy was thoroughly enjoyed by all. While at Naples we were favored with excursions to Vesuvius and Pompeii.

To walk among the excavated streets and temples of the old city, overshadowed by the awful mount which has been holding high its smoking torch for more than nineteen hundred years, is a strange experience. Its art treasures have enriched the museums of the world. Its roofless houses and beautiful frescoed walls; its cisterns and fountains from which the people drank; its ovens in which the bread was baked, still well-preserved; its broken columns and rich mosaic designs of marble scattered among its desolate avenues, with the story of its startling, sudden destruction present a pathetic and deeply-impressive scene. After resting in their ashen graves for centuries, it would appear that

God is now causing them to be uncovered in order to publish to the world the cause of the city's sudden destruction by revealing the wickedness of the private life of the Roman citizens before that awful November night more than eighteen centuries ago.



CHAPTER XIII.

THE IMPERIAL CITY.

A PERFECT eastern morning was that of May 2, when we turned our faces eagerly toward Rome. Next to the Holy City, which holds the cross and the tomb of the Christ, in its power to charm the hearts of men, is the Imperial City, which holds the cradle and the grave of empires. Passing Caserta with its royal palace and famous fountain we reach Capua which was once the second city in Italy. It is now a mere village and very different in appearance from the old city which was conquered by Hannibal. The mountain peaks on every side are crowned with monasteries and with the ruins of ancient temples. Our way leads along the slopes of the Apennines, and there is unfolded view after view worthy of the artist's pencil and the painter's brush. Indeed, it would seem that nature here makes a special effort in its inimitable way to charm the traveler. To this magnificent scenery, art has added its touch of beauty. The orchards and vineyards are planted and trained according to rules of landscape gardening. Early in the afternoon our swiftly speeding train ushered us suddenly into the presence of fragments of walls, broken arches, and ruins of temples; the disconnected spans of a great aqueduct stretched far across the plain and we knew by these relics of antiquity that we must have reached the plain of the Latin Campagna. In another moment, the great domes of the Eternal City rise before our vision. It has always been counted a rare privilege to see Rome. Nineteen centuries ago the great Paul, with an impassionate enthusiasm looked for the first time upon the city and his long-pent-up heart-throbs were stilled. When Martin Luther made his famous pilgrimage and from afar saw the cloud-capped towers and solemn temples, he uncovered his head and, falling upon his knees,

exclaimed, "I salute thee, O Rome! venerable through the blood and tombs of martyrs."

At three o'clock our train pulled into the large station; the officer called out "Roma," and it seemed that a hundred voices took up the echo. We were then placed in carriages and driven through the historic streets that seemed to us like lecture halls. Soon we reached Hotel Morino, where we were assigned comfortable quarters. The entertainment was considered first-class and satisfactory by all.

The matter of determining our itinerary, in order to make the best use of the few days allotted us in the Imperial City, was most perplexing. The party, however, was under the direction of Dr. S. Russell Forbes, the distinguished archaeological and historical lecturer on Roman antiquities. We were delighted when it was announced that our first drive would be to Capitoline Hill. Rushing through the busy streets with their elegant stores and fountains surrounding dreamy-looking monuments, we crossed the Yellow Tiber and ascended the hill around which centers the most brilliant paragraphs of Roman history. Presently our carriages halted at the foot of a majestic flight of steps, leading to a summit where colossal statues of old Roman gods looked down upon us. On either side of the historic stairway is a terraced garden filled with rarest flowers and shrubbery. Within the inclosure was the caged wolf, which is one of the most beautiful of its kind I have ever seen. It is faithfully cared for, and kept sleek and fat, in commemoration of its illustrious ancestress that sustained the half-mythical founder of the city. To our left was the splendid statue of Rienzi, the last of the Roman Tribunes. It was down the steps which these have replaced that he fled in his last moments, to fall at their base bleeding from twenty wounds. On either side of the stairway at the top of the hill, stand the colossal statues of Castor and Pollux beside their horses which seem so life-like that one could imagine he could see them breathing. In the center of this celebrated square is the imposing bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius. In front

of us was the capitol building, while on the right was the Senate house and the temple of Jove, and on the left the House of Vestals and the temple of Juno. It was in this square that Brutus harangued the unwilling populace, after the murder of Caesar. How magnificent must have been



BROKEN COLUMNS OF THE FORUM.

the view from this hill when it broke upon Paul's vision! Luxury so frantic, wealth so enormous, beauty so exuberant, power so centralized, the world had never seen. Turning our eyes southward the Palatine Hill, once crowned with the palaces of the Cæsars was in full view, and before the hand of our learned guide fell to his side, he pointed out the seven hills of Rome upon which are stamped the impress of nearly

thirty centuries. Indeed, it is bewildering to attempt a description of the objects that surrounded us.

But the scene that meets our gaze is only the outer shell, the wreck and ruin of the capital to which art and architecture once lent a matchless beauty.

"See the wild waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead."

It is said that when a great poet once stood upon this hill thinking of the bards and patriots, the heroes and martyrs that sleep in sight, he expressed a desire that he might be in Rome upon the resurrection morning. The Capitoline Museum occupies the place of the palace of the Senators. Here are found many portraits of ancient rulers, and many of the original works of the master artists. It would be an exceeding pleasure to feast the eyes for days upon these art treasures. The "Faun of Praxiteles" holds the visitor with a spell that is not easily broken. We shall always read with a new interest Hawthorne's Romance of "The Marble Faun." Next we stand in the presence of the pathetic figure called the "Dying Gladiator." No work of art in the great museum has stamped itself more vividly upon my mind, and the immortal lines of Byron have a new meaning.

"I see before me the gladiator lie!
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow,
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low——"

We were loath to turn away from the charming beauty of the "Capitoline Venus," for in it beauty has so nearly approximated perfection. Descending the hill on the south side we were face to face with the ruins of the Forum. How splendid the picture must have been in Paul's era; then the Forum was one stately avenue of triumphal arches, temples, columns, and monuments, all glowing and glorious with

radiant beauty. Near by us is the Tarpean Rock from which traitors in olden times had to leap to their executions. In front of us we traced the windings of the Sacred Way over which triumphant legions and humbled kings have traveled. Here Rome enthroned her heroes; it was the scene of her earliest glories and many of her latest crimes. In the center of the great square of the Forum stood the "Golden Milestone" on which was inscribed the distances to all the chief cities of the world, and from which the roads led out to every part of that mighty empire subject to the Cæsars. Here Mark Anthony pronounced his oration over the dead body of Cæsar and these pillars must have echoed to the voice of Cicero when he pronounced his immortal oration against Cataline. Here are the stately columns that tell of the temple of Saturn erected nearly a thousand years before Christ. Three triumphant arches are prominent; one built to Constantine speaks of his victory over Maxentius. The second is that of Septimus Severus, a marble structure in honor of his victories over the Persians, built in the fourth century. The arch of Titus has stood for nearly nineteen hundred years and commemorates the fall of Jerusalem. Standing by this famous structure we imagined that we could almost hear the tramp of the procession as the captive Jews entered the city in humiliation when all Rome was making holiday.

What a change twenty centuries have wrought! These deserted ruins representing architecture at its best, are now surrounded and partly covered by a modern European city. But some things have not changed. The Alban hills lift their heights above the plain of the Roman Campagna to-day as when the Roman Emperors saw them looking out with eyes and hearts that had been sated with sin, or as when Romulus saw them, in the dim dawn of Latin tradition. The Italian sun and sky have not lost any of their original brightness and beauty. These monuments of stone piled to the memory of men who worshiped Jupiter, and became vicious as he, have crumbled into ruins. Only truth is imperishable, and as divinity breathes into monuments will they live.

Nineteen centuries ago Paul entered Rome and in the face of the heartless heathenism of the time proclaimed Christ's law of love and the love of Christ's law. Here he laid the foundation of that mighty temple of Christian faith beneath which millions have found shelter. Paul was called narrow in his day, but he was great enough to learn in advance what nineteen centuries have taught the wisest that Jesus Christ is better worth knowing than Greek philosophy and Roman law, and that he is the key to the true understanding of all the deepest questions of life.

One of the most interesting relics to the Bible student is the Mamertine Prison, located in the rear of the marble structure of Septimus Severus. We had never realized before that the cold, dark cells were cut in the solid rock, and were without doors. A chain was placed around the waist of the prisoner and he was let down through a small opening in the floor to the horrible inner prison. They show us a cell which they say was occupied by Peter. It contains a little spring of water which Papal tradition says burst miraculously from the rock to furnish water for the baptism of one of the guards who was converted through Peter's instrumentality. While standing in the damp cell of Paul, the aged, we could appreciate his pathetic request for the cloak which he had left at Troas, and also the *velum* parchments, that through books he might relieve the awful silence of his dungeon. The following day we visited the traditional place of his execution and grave. Passing the pyramid of Cestius, under the shadow of which sleeps the dust of Keats and Shelly, a half hour's drive brought us to the sacred spot over which stands the cathedral of unrivalled glory, built in commemoration of the hero's death. With reverent hearts we walked down the long aisles and stood by the tomb, pledging ourselves to better emulate his life.

Perhaps no church in Christendom so profoundly impresses the visitor as St. Peter's with its dome of matchless beauty, standing out in noble grandeur against the blue sky. On our way we halted at the tomb of Hadrian, now Castle of San

Angelo, which has stood the wear of more than seventeen centuries. It stands on the bank of the Tiber near the famous bridge of the Cæsars bearing the ten figures of angels. A little further on we enter the piazzì Rusticucci, and there bursts upon us the splendid colonnades of Bernini. The two hundred and eighty-four columns are in four series and sixty-six feet high. On the entablature are one hundred and ninety-



BRIDGE OF THE CÆSARS.

two colossal statues of saints. In the center of the piazzì is the granite obilisk brought from Heliopolis by Caligula; around it the fountains send up their spray. We then enter the great cathedral and are simply overwhelmed at its immensity and magnificence. Who can describe it? We had been told that three centuries were required for its construction, and that the treasures of forty-three Popes, aggregating sixty millions of dollars were expended upon it, and now we cannot wonder at these statements. From the great dome which rises over three hundred feet above the high roof, almost every nook and corner of the city lies in full view.

Many of our party were delighted with the privilege of

seeing the Pope. On Friday at noon he was carried into St. Peter's by eight cardinals, where multitudes of poor pilgrims were waiting for his blessing. His robe appeared as white as the driven snow, in contrast with his black silk cap. The expression of his face indicated supreme happiness. The scene was pathetic when he lifted up his bony hands in blessing upon the pilgrims, some of whom wept aloud, while others shouted for joy. Now we enter the Vatican and proceed to the Sistine Chapel, made forever famous by that Shakespeare of art, Michael Angelo. The painting of the ceiling was his crowning work, covering a period of two years, for which he received a pension of twelve hundred golden crowns a year. Here I made a second visit and spent a half day which seemed only too short. Opposite the entrance is the enormous fresco of the Last Judgment. We now ascend the *Scala Regia*, the grandest staircase in the world, leading to the great picture galleries. Upon these immortal creations I cannot dwell. It is not strange that "The Transfiguration," by Raphael, is the center of attraction.

Among other churches visited were the *Cathedral of St. John Lateran*, which for a thousand years joined the residence of the Popes, and in it five important councils were held. The *San Pietro, in Vincoli* contains the famous statue of Moses with the beautiful little statues of Leah and Rachel on either side; here we were also shown the chain with which Peter was bound. The *Scala Sancta* contains the marble steps brought by St. Helena from Pilate's Palace in Jerusalem. As we looked upon pilgrims ascending upon their knees we could imagine Luther half way up, when the words flashed upon his mind, "The just shall live by faith," and the light of heaven broke in upon his soul.

On the east bank of the Tiber a short distance north of the city is the famous battle-field where the young Constantine defeated Maxentius. In the gallery of the Vatican is Raphael's picture of the scene. The emperor is standing upon a platform in the act of delivering an oration animating

his soldiers to the combat, when suddenly a blazing cross appeared in the sky over which was the inscription, "*In hoc signo vinces*," (by this sign, conquer.) Filled with enthusiasm the soldiers grasp in their hands their spears, together with the insignia of war of the Roman legions. In their midst careers the figure of Constantine, who, mounted on a magnificent charger, clad in the imperial cloak of gold, is followed by a dense throng of horsemen. Three angels hover in the air, one of them with a sword, who rush with threat-



THE APPIAN WAY.

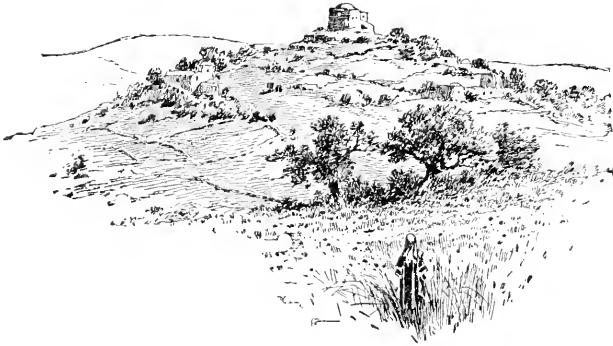
ening mien upon the army of Maxentius which is being impetuously driven back to the west side of the Melvian bridge. Victory smiles propitiously upon the young emperor and he subsequently declared Christianity to be the religion of the Roman empire.

A carriage drive south of the city over the Appian Way was an experience that we shall never forget. This is perhaps the most celebrated road in all the world. Not chiefly because chariots and horses bearing kings, emperors, and victorious generals have gone over it, but because the great Apostle to the Gentiles passed this way into the Imperial

City. How glad we should have been to continue our drive to the "Three Taverns," where the brethren met him. Passing out through the Sabastian gate and under the arch of Drusus, we entered the old road which stretched out before us across the hazy plain of the Campagna, lined on either side with moss-covered monuments, and with a dim background of purple mountains. Here are the famous tombs and *Columbaria*. To our right were the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. With lighted candles we followed our guide along the dismal avenues, which we were told, if placed in one continuous line would be nine hundred miles in length. More than four millions of the Lord's faithful ones are sleeping here waiting the resurrection.

At the church of *Dominie Quo Vadis* may still be seen the mythical footprint of the Saviour upon the marble. A tablet in the church contains the following beautiful legend: "As Peter, on the persecution which arose from the accusation that the Christians had set fire to Rome, was fleeing for his life, he met the Master traveling toward the city and inquired of him, '*Dominie Quo Vadis*,' Lord whither goest thou?" With a gentle reproach the Saviour answered, "I go to Rome to be crucified a second time." Then Peter filled with trembling and joy, returned and boldly met the martyr's death. Returning we halted at the Coliseum which some one terms "a noble wreck in ruinous perfection." While standing in the center of the vast structure, more than sixteen hundred feet in circumference, with massive walls one hundred and fifty-seven feet high, we were reminded that the highest tiers were constructed by the twelve thousand Jewish slaves brought from Jerusalem by Titus. The sun of heaven never looked down upon darker scenes than were enacted in the center of this amphitheater. Here Christians were burned, and torn in pieces by the wild beasts, while the Roman populace gloated from the surrounding galleries. This old structure has stood for eighteen centuries and will likely stand till the judgment day as a monument of Rome's cruelty, and of the early faith of the martyrs.

The introduction of Christ's law of love by Paul has wrought its revolution and the emblem of self-sacrificing charity which Constantine saw in the sky now glitters from the summit of every cathedral and mountain top within the sweep of our vision.



CHAPTER XIV.

HOMEWARD.

WE NOW bid farewell to Rome, with its historic associations, and take the afternoon express for Florence. While speeding westward the scenery presented the appearance of a continuous park. Just as the panorama of the broad valley of the Arno, encircled with its romantic mountains, broke upon our vision, the sun went down, and a purple robe covered the fields of Tuscany. We were very happy with the prospect of spending a Sabbath in the city familiarly known as the most enchanting spot under the sweet blue skies of Italy. At nine o'clock our train pulled into the station, and we were driven to our hotel which overlooked the beautiful Arno. In the morning it was a delightful privilege to walk out upon the balcony and look for the first time upon the city of the Renaissance, and the Reformation. The old river with its bridges and bordering palaces shimmering under the early sun's rays suggested Milton's pathetic appeal for the return of his sight, that he might once more "gaze on the beautiful Arno, and its enchanting valley; the fair Florence and its thousand villas, like a pearl set in emerald." We attended services in the morning at the Church of the *Annunciato*, known as having one of the most famous choirs of the world. During the afternoon we attended the Presbyterian Church and heard the eloquent Doctor Taylor. On our return we lingered until the evening twilight upon the old bridge, built more than five hundred years ago to connect the Palace of the Uffizzi with the Pitti Palace on the opposite side of the river. Across it, Baccacio, Savonarola, Galileo, and Dante, whose reflected lights still illuminate the city, have many times walked. We were surrounded by the richest collection of art in the world. A glance down at the water called to mind the story

of Tito in George Eliot's "Romola." It was a rare privilege to visit the magnificent *Duomo* which Angelo recognized as a masterpiece of architecture. Near by stands the splendid tower designed by Giotto, reaching three hundred feet toward the sky. It is said that during the return of the exiles after the Florentine war, one autumn evening, a man with gray hair but ruddy cheeks was resting in the boat that moved slowly up the river Po. Suddenly the boatman caught sight



GIOTTO'S TOWER.

of Giotto's tower, and the palace that was the home of this weary exile. Just then, too, the cathedral bells pealed forth the call for evening prayer. In that moment the exile lifted himself up with eyes streaming with tears. When the rowers turned to the traveler they saw his noble face still turned toward the great tower, but his eyes were closed forever to this world. The old home memories had swept over the cords of his heart with such force that they snapped under the powerful vibrations. In the *Baptistry* we looked upon

the bronze gate that Angelo said was worthy to be the gate of Paradise. In the *Santa Croce*, sleep some of the famous dead of the Flower City. One of the most commanding structures is the *Palazzo Vecchio*. It was once the residence of the Medici, "that famous family which gave eight dukes to Tuscany, two queens to France, and four popes to the Vatican." In the square, in front of the building, a cross marks the place where in 1498 Savonarola suffered martyrdom.

Late Monday evening we boarded the train for Venice, the "Queen of the Adriatic." The celebrated Appenine rail-



THE RIALTO.

way ascends to a height of two thousand feet above the sea level, and crosses the river Reno nineteen times. We reached the city at sunrise and were soon gliding noiselessly over its canal streets upon the famous gondola vehicle. The Grand Canal is the principal avenue of the "Sea City," and is intersected by one hundred and forty smaller canals, which are spanned by hundreds of bridges. The most beautiful of these is the famous marble Rialto, thronged with the memories of three hundred years. Under its shadow, we were told, appeared the first bank of deposit which the world had known. The first book ever published in Italy was printed

here, while on this very bridge was sold the first newspaper ever published in the world. Here resided Antonio, the "Merchant of Venice," and "Shylock, the Jew." On the east side is the Palace of the Doges, and the magnificent Cathedral of St. Mark, so beautifully pictured by Ruskin in his "Stones of Venice." In the rear of the Ducal Palace is the "Bridge of Sighs," connecting it with the prison. Over this arch the ill-fated victims of the "Council of Ten" were led into the palace to receive their sentence, and then conducted back again to meet their death. Turning away from the "Widow of the Adriatic," we were soon speeding across the fertile plains toward Milan, the ancient capital of Sardinia. Its world-renowned cathedral dominates every other object in the city. Oh, for words, for terms, by which to give even a faint picture of its magnificence. It is architecture carried to its most exquisite limits in a great mountain of white marble, and is certainly justly termed the eighth wonder of the world. The summit of the tower, three hundred and fifty-four feet high, affords one of the richest views in all Italy. To the east is the famous Apennine range, while to the west are the towering Alps, with pinnacles of eternal ice and snow blazing like a glorious kingdom of diamonds. Between these, the fertile plain stretches from sea to sea. Not far away is the church where Ambrose preached, and the word of truth from his lips pierced the heart of the young Augustine, who had been fleeing from the prayers of a devout mother, but after all, the lessons she had taught him lay deeper than his surging passions. His conversion marks an era in the history of the world, and the influence of his writings have swayed with more might than that of an imperial scepter the destinies of western Christendom, for ages.

Bidding farewell to the Gem City we left on the night express for Switzerland, arriving at Lucerne in the early morning. No language which I can command can convey any conception of the majesty and glory of the scenery. I had never seen such earthly beauty before. What are tem-

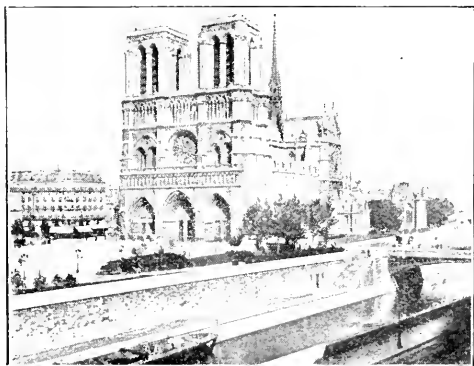
ples, and cathedrals, and pyramids, and parthenons, and coliseums, compared with these Alps, the masonry of the Almighty! How majestic they are! Their hoary heads, thousands of feet above us glitter like diamonds under the smiles of the morning sun. The valleys at our feet with their noisy little brooks, green meadows and singing birds presented a scene of most vigorous life. The smiling town standing on the threshold of the land of mountains, with its enchanting lake, has always had a peculiar charm. Through long, dark tunnels, yawning chasms, and wild charms of



IN THE ALPS.

towering mountains, we continued our journey toward sunny France, arriving in Paris on the evening of May 9. Americans are quite as familiar with the French capital as with the great cities of their own country, but its elegance cannot be realized without looking upon its streets and boulevards, and from its public squares studying the magnificence of its architectural triumphs. Glimpses of its elegant decorations still mingle with my reveries, and it would be a delight to write of its picture galleries, splendid monuments, beautiful boulevards and "Garden of the Tuileries." The great exposition was already attracting the multitudes. Our first view of the grounds was obtained from the bridge of Alexander III. If Michael Angelo were living to-day he would

doubtless say that the entrance was sufficiently beautiful to be the entrance to Paradise. The commissioner general, M. Picart, pompously said, that "the exposition should be the philosophy and synthesis of the century; it should have at once grandeur, grace, and beauty; it should reflect the bright genius of France; it should demonstrate that to-day, as in the past, we are in the van of progress; it should honor the country and the republic, and show to the world that we are the worthy sons of the men of 1789." After a busy day



PARIS—NOTRE DAME.

within its enclosure, we were convinced that no effort had been spared in working out this ideal.

We had engaged passage to New York on the *Augusta Victoria*, due to leave Cherbourg on the evening of May 11. The home-coming is the most delightful part of the pilgrimage, and my heart was filled with gladness at the sight of the approaching steamer bound for home land.

“There is joy in sailing outward,
Though we leave upon the pier,
With faces grieved and wistful,
Our very dearest dear;
And the sea shall roll between us
For perhaps a whole round year.

"But the joy of joys is ours,
Untouched by any pain,
When we take the home-bound steamer,
And catch the home-bound train.
There's nothing half so pleasant
As coming home again."

The shores of Europe soon faded from view, but the vision of the places vividly associated with the birth, the life, and the writings of the ancient poets, essayists, and orators, with the more sacred lands of the Bible, will be an abiding possession. The life-dream has become a reality that we would not exchange for many times the cost of the pilgrimage, and faint pictures which the imagination had painted of places with names familiar from childhood have given place to vivid photographs of far more value than books. These will long remain in the gallery of memory, stimulating new interest in the study of the word of God, and making real the scenes and events connected with the life and ministry of the Christ. Dr. Philip Schaff, in his excellent book entitled, "Through Bible Lands," says, "I would advise every theological student who can afford it, to complete his biblical education by a visit to the Holy Land. It will be of more practical use to him in his pulpit labors than the lectures of the professors in Oxford or Cambridge, in Berlin or Leipsic, valuable as these may be."

A great scholar has termed the land "a fifth gospel." Its manners and customs are the same as in the days of the apostles. No one can travel over its sacred hills and plains without a new and larger conception of God's word, and of the Christ who rose above the limits of his environments of time and space to be the absolute authoritative teacher and Saviour of the world. He who visits the galleries of the old world must needs come back with the conviction that the whole kingdom of art has dedicated itself to represent the scenes of Christ's life and influence; that architecture for centuries has been taxing itself to erect cathedrals worthy of his worship; that musicians have labored unceasingly to write symphonies sweet enough for his praise.

As the shadows of night deepened, my face turned wistfully toward the land dear above all others, and the memories of home swept over the cords of my heart with greater force and volume than the summer night's storm that beat against my face, and converted the masts of the great ship into a harp.

“Earth's sunniest shores lie not afar
By winding Wye, or clear Pharpar,
But where the streams of home-land are.

“* * * * And hitherto at last a spell
Will every wanderer's feet impel,
For here grows love's sweet Asphodel.”

Oft in my dreams the soul would take wings, and flying over the seas come again to the old home scenes. Before my eyes was the form of the one to whom I owe a debt of gratitude that I shall never be able to pay, still acting as priest bearing our wants to the throne of God,—I could hear the music of the brook in the meadow; the song of the nightingale and the notes of the meadow-lark; I was again with the boys in the harvest field, and alone in the forest where many a time I had heard the goings of God in the tree-tops. These memories have breathed a sweet fragrance into my life for which I shall never cease to be thankful.

We return from foreign lands with an enlarged vision of the superior beauties and blessings of our own country, and with a profounder respect for our own splendid civilization. We sailed beneath various banners and saw the flags of the nations in distant ports, but none were so beautiful as our own starry banner. Many times I could but wish that it might supplant the star and crescent on the water of the Bosphorus and on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean and bring to the oppressed millions under Turkish rule the blessing of human equality and of civil and religious liberty.

For several days the clouds hung low, and not a smile rested upon the face of the waters. One morning a dense fog enveloped us, and remained until the evening,—the day seemed like a week as the dismal notes of the horn marked

off its minutes. The afternoon of the eighth day of the voyage was beautiful, the sea had the appearance of molten silver as we looked toward the sunset. Many were on deck when some one shouted, "Land ahead!" Oh, what a thrill of joy it brought to our hearts. At nine o'clock in the evening we reached Sandy Hook. It was interesting to know that since passing out through this gateway many weeks before, we had traveled about fifteen thousand miles—eleven thousand miles by water, three thousand miles by rail, two hundred miles in carriages, fifty miles on donkeys and three hundred miles on horseback. At ten o'clock we entered the harbor. My heart was bounding, for I knew that some who were dear to me as my own life, and who had tenderly followed me in thought and prayer during my absence were waiting at the pier. In another hour I was permitted to grasp their hands. I know not how to put into words the gratitude of my heart to Him who has lovingly guarded me through the long journey and brought me back in safety to the land of my pride, the friends of my love, and the home of my heart.

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